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WITH HIGH MASS on the hill of Guadalupe, ancient shrine of the Aztec mother of gods, the Roman Catholic churches reopen in Mexico. Thousands of pilgrims trot, plod, shuffle, crawl, to the monster fete. They kneel and drink water from the sacred well of the Madonna, they put their foreheads to the dust gathered on her altars in more than two years of solitude. But it is doubtful whether of all the clamorous thousands many understand what the quarrel between state and church was about, and just why it is now settled. They mourned in 1926; they shout hurrahs in 1929. But this quarrel is nearly a hundred years old. In that time any squabble develops niceties that only a Jesuit and a lawyer can follow. As a matter of fact church and state began making faces at each other in vice-regal days, largely over loot. Toward the end of the nineteenth century Juarez daringly cut the economic foundations from under the church, and though Mexico was supposedly Catholic and might have been expected to side against him, he forced the issue, evacuated convents and monasteries, required priests to register with the government and swear allegiance to the constitution which dispossessed them, and prohibited religious teaching in public schools and religious ceremonies outside of church and chapel. He was fulminated against in the metropolis, but the country as a whole shrugged its shoulders. The Holy Alliance sent Maximilian to straighten out the mess. He wrote that in the opinion of the Mexican clergy he could not be a good Catholic and a "just and liberal prince" at the same time; and he was shot for trying.

DURING THE REVOLUTION churches were sacked and images smashed wholesale. The constitution of 1917, written by men resentful of the church's consistent opposition to social reform, restated the laws of Juarez. In 1926 the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Filippi, crowned Christ King of Mexico on the hill of Cubilete in the state of Guanajuato. He was expelled by the Obregon Government for violating the constitution. The clergy was ordered to register and to swear allegiance to that injured state document; convents and schools which had been operating clandestinely were raided and sealed; religious organizations which had been engaged in political activity, also in violation of national laws, were scolded. The church went on strike and attempted a business boycott. Disaster was in the air. Both sides tugged the situation to the breaking point. Calles aggravated the bishops and the bishops sulked stiff-necked. But because nothing happened to prove to either side that the masses beyond the city limits were its allies, peace parleys were begun, though they usually proved abortive. Time made anti-climax of the drama, and, according to the understanding just reached, the Vatican recognizes the constitution, in exchange for which it is extended the privilege of agitating for its reform. Priests will register, no religion will be taught outside the churches, and no religious ceremonies will be performed except in them. In return the government will abandon its tactics of encouraging schism, and will register none but priests approved by Roman dioceses. Among the vivas for the Pope and President Portes Gil, give Ambassador Morrow a little hand. He is a better diplomat than his predecessors, and than Maximilian.

FRIENDS OF PEACE will welcome the announced intention of Premier MacDonald to notify the League Assembly in September of Great Britain's acceptance of the so-called optional clause, Article 36, of the statutes of the Permanent Court of International Justice. This article, written by Elihu Root in 1920, binds a state accepting it to the obligatory submission of all purely legal questions, such as the interpretation of treaties and pecuniary claims for legal injuries. The little states, which would be able under this clause to take their big neighbors into court, have naturally favored it, forty-four out of fifty-one League members having already signed. The big Powers have been inclined to stand aloof, giving too much color to the idea that they preferred to trust their guns and navies. Germany, however, accepted last year, and France and Japan have indicated their willingness to do the same. If Great Britain now adheres, Italy will be the only great state in the League

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still outside. Newspaper dispatches indicate that British acceptance may be accompanied by certain reservations, but in the hands of Mr. MacDonald we may reasonably hope that such reservations will not do violence to the essential principle of the clause. As pointed out in our editorial of April 3, the United States has already signed an agreement with Latin-American states for obligatory arbitration of legal questions. We also suggested that the United States might offer to sign Article 36 if the four great Powers still standing out would do so.

WE HAVE RECEIVED several letters lately protesting against our attitude toward the prohibition law, one of which, from Jesse H. Holmes of Swarthmore College, we print this week in our correspondence columns. Mr. Holmes says we "ignore the fact that the law was fairly and constitutionally passed" and "apparently has the support of a large majority of our people." Undoubtedly the Eighteenth Amendment was constitutionally passed, but to what extent it is supported by the people of the United States is open to question. *The Nation* thinks that the Eighteenth Amendment should not have been presented to our State legislatures, which had no direct mandates from the voters, but that the alternative method provided by the Constitution should have been employed and the measure placed before State conventions specifically elected to vote on that subject and no other. Likewise we feel that the Dry majority in Congress is an inexact gauge of public sentiment. We have already said, and here repeat, that as a necessary preliminary to approaching prohibition enforcement there should be a national referendum, and we wish Mr. Hoover's commission would recommend such a course. We sympathize with the protest of Senator Glass against the effort to "submerge" prohibition in organizing the work of the commission. A commission on prohibition enforcement was what Mr. Hoover promised in the campaign and what Congress voted money for. The country is not interested in homilies on law enforcement in general; it would like specific advice as to what to do about the Volstead act.

OUR CORRESPONDENT COMPLAINS also that in deploring shooting and killing by prohibition agents we overlook the fact that they have to deal with armed desperadoes. Undoubtedly the work of prohibition-enforcement officers is both difficult and dangerous. We have just had an instance of it in the attack upon a customs boat in the Detroit River by a craft believed to be engaged in smuggling liquor. The attackers took the offensive, severely injured the customs boat by gunfire, and, although eventually driven to cover, continued to shoot even from Canadian waters. We also appreciate that many enforcement officers have been killed in the effort to carry out the prohibition law. We said last week that it would be absurd to disarm prohibition-enforcement agents, but we approve of the orders given to them to shoot only in self-defense. We understand that customs patrolmen, on the other hand, are permitted to shoot to prevent a felony, and we agree with our neighbor the *New Republic* that they should be limited as strictly as prohibition agents. If this course had been followed, Henry Virkula would not have been killed at International Falls, Minnesota. We cannot think of any kind of smuggling which is so serious as to warrant an officer in assuming the duty of jury and judge, and executing summary punishment. *The Nation* believes that violence begets violence and not respect for law. Present methods are stimulating the already excessive tendency of American police officers toward lawlessness and brutality. To show us a better way of approaching this question of prohibition is the exacting task which the American people ask of Mr. Hoover's commission.

PRESIDENT HOOVER is apparently learning a good deal about tariff making. It is reported that he not only wants, but expects to get, a tariff bill that will give adequate protection (whatever that may be) to agriculture, and that will relieve industries showing evident signs of distress and unemployment, and no others. Such simple faith in the possibilities of protection deserves something better than the misshapen bill passed by the House. The chorus of press protests against that measure continues to grow, while strenuous and well-justified objections from foreigners pour in. Our exports of goods last year exceeded our imports by more than a billion dollars. Our foreign customers cannot forever meet such a bill by their present methods of borrowing money from us and entertaining our tourists. The only solution consists in selling more to the outside world. If the Administration is willing to fight for such a program, even within the limits of its protectionist thinking, it may yet rescue something from the wreck of Mr. Hoover's "limited-revision" program. The close vote on Senator Borah's resolution shows that there is plenty of support in the Senate for a measure that would not be a general grab-bag, and the spread of information concerning what the proposed measure will actually do will certainly make its passage increasingly difficult. The battle against the bill ought to be waged with all vigor during the coming months.

SPEAKING OF THE TARIFF, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, has indulged lately in a refreshing amount of criticism of the political party of which he has long been an honored member. Evidently he does not believe in the doctrine of our Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams, that the whole duty of a Republican is simply to peep "Me too." In his commencement address recently Mr. Butler defined the difference between true patriotism and "pharisaical nationalism," saying of the latter:

> It is this pharisaical nationalism which frames public policies as if there were no other members of the human family but ourselves. It acclaims international trade and international financial interdependence, and then proceeds to build tariff walls so high as to make both as difficult as possible. It permits private interest to insinuate itself into public policies which should be controlled solely and entirely by the larger interest of the whole people, and it thinks of a nation not as a moral personality with duties and ideals, but simply as an economic unit intent upon exalting itself in all possible ways no matter at whose cost or at what damage to the general welfare. It is unintelligent selfishness personified.
>
> Just now we may see all this in full sway at the national capital. The sagacious and constructive economic policy which, as expounded by Hamilton and Clay and Lincoln and Blaine and Garfield and McKinley in his last address at Buffalo, had come to be generally accepted as characteristic of our nation's public life, has now been

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> quietly superseded by the doctrine that the government must assure a profitable domestic market to every producer with political influence enough to insist upon having it provided for him, regardless of anything else.

We wish that a radio loud speaker might have relayed these words into the halls of Congress.

JUNE 20 was a big day for J. P. Morgan and Company, for on that day the firm announced two of the greatest industrial combinations in history: a half-billion-dollar power organization in New York State and a national food grouping of the Fleischmann Company, the Royal Baking Powder Company, and the Gillett baking-powder interests of Canada. From the consumers' point of view the new Morgan power combination is the more dangerous because it is almost certain to give to one group of holding companies a virtual monopoly of New York State power. At this writing the Morgan combination controls about 40 per cent of the electric power of New York and, if the expected merging with the Consolidated Gas system is completed, the new super-corporation will control about 88 per cent of the State's power. The consumer can only stand and weep, for the new combination is an organization of holding companies which are exempt under the law from control by public-service commissions. The key holding company used by the Morgan interests, the United Corporation, which was described in *The Nation* of January 23, does not engage in operating activities and is therefore in a position to overvalue its constituent companies and withhold from the consumer the gains of consolidation without adequate check by any regulating agency.

JUST WHEN we were beginning to feel deep pity for the textile manufacturers because of the feminine fancy for bare legs, an editorial from the *Southern Textile Bulletin* changed our whole outlook and proved that every shoe has its cotton lining:

> While the textile industry watches the progress of the stockingless fad, we are wondering if it is going to hurt the cotton manufacturing industry. When silk or rayon hose are removed, socks have to take their place because the inside of shoes does not feel good to the bare feet, and the socks will contain more cotton than the hose. The lady that runs around with bare legs will have to spend much time with her lower extremities in the bath-tub, and there will be a greater wearing out of wash rags and towels, or at least we hope that such will be the case. It is an ill wind that blows no good.

And where there are more towels there will be more laundries, more soap, more bath-tubs, more plumbers, more sponges, more bath-robes, more manicure sets, more jobs for podiatrists, more gold-plated safety-razors, more depilatories, more sunburn-proof ointment. Ultimately Lloyd George and bare legs will solve the problem of unemployment.

AFTER SUFFERING DENIAL of citizenship by the Supreme Court of the United States, Rosika Schwimmer can take some consolation from the award, by the Supreme Court of the State of New York, of $17,000 damages from Fred R. Marvin, head of the Key Men of America, for a libel action decided in her favor in the county courts a year ago. Mr. Marvin was so rash as to call Mrs. Schwimmer, among other things, "a German spy" and a "Bolshevik agent." In proof of these charges he adduced the once famous and now forgotten—except by some of the Key Men—Lusk Committee reports. Justice McCook of the State Supreme Court ruled that libel does not become privileged matter because published by a legislative committee, and added that such a report, to be privileged, must be fair and honest. And now, while Mrs. Schwimmer's suits in our American courts are fresh in our minds, we are treated to the spectacle of citizenship being denied by the federal District Court of New Haven to Douglas C. MacIntosh, a member of the Yale Divinity School faculty, because, although he spent four years in the army during the late conflict, he will not engage to support or fight in a war which he does not regard as "morally justified." "I will not," he said, "promise that I would support the government in a war in violation of the so-called Kellogg pact, for instance." To the editors of *The Nation,* who regard these sentiments as no more than a modicum of what is just and reasonable, the action of the United States Court seems at best only the necessary interpretation of a bad law.

COOLING NEWS comes from Broadway. Several theaters are to be transformed into swimming pools. The "legitimate" theaters have been driven to this pass by the "illegitimate" talkies. One of these theaters, it is pointed out, has been occupied only four months since its opening in 1927. The galleries will provide seats for spectators. The cupids on the ceilings, as we recall them, look as if swimming is just the exercise they need. The chorus girls need only buy swimming caps, although, like sailors, most of them probably can't swim. However, we must award the prize for hot-weather news to the enterprising Congressman from Ohio, Frank Murphy, for his project to help Mr. Hoover fight the Reds and preserve to America "sound government" by Republicans, as opposed, no doubt, to the silent variety. He proposes to do this by means of the *National Republic*—a monthly propaganda magazine for the G. O. P.—and as many ten-dollar contributions as he can extract from "friends of the administration," like Senator Watson and Hubert Work, who have indorsed his campaign. Mr. Hoover, in his more scientific moments, must enjoy the neolithic antics of his Republican colleagues.

TO CHARLES E. PAYNE, professor of history at Grinnell College, Iowa, we extend hearty congratulations for winning *The Nation's* essay prize of $150 for the best discussion of What is Making for War with England. Certainly no moment could be more appropriate than the present for bringing Mr. Payne's thoughtful discussion before the public. His article, which is printed elsewhere in this issue, was awarded first prize by Charles A. Beard, Norman Thomas, and Willmott H. Lewis after reading a selection of essays from almost every State in the Union and a dozen foreign countries. We wish to express our deep appreciation not only to the judges but to the many contestants who analyzed the British-American situation so ably that the task of the judges was made exceedingly difficult. Among the many excellent essays submitted those of Walter Phelps Hall of Princeton and Albert F. Coyle, former editor of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Journal,* should receive honorable mention.

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Statesmen and Admirals

THERE was some disappointment over the lack of definiteness in the pronouncements of Messrs. MacDonald and Dawes concerning naval reduction. Instead, there might well be satisfaction over the advance indicated in the probable methods of approaching the question.

The dismal failure of the Geneva Conference of 1927 was attributed, correctly enough, to the too great influence of naval experts. There seems to be reason for hoping that the next conference will be one not of admirals, whose business it is to make war effectively, but of statesmen, whose business it is to make peace effectively. The two groups are concerned primarily with different questions, and there is no reconciling the two points of view. The admirals are busy with the danger of defeat in war; the statesmen, with the danger of war itself—a danger which, be it said, under modern conditions is graver than the danger of defeat, since modern war knows no victors in the old sense. Unless the two questions are kept distinct, there is no getting forward. The hopeful sign at present is the indication that the questions are being kept separate, and that the right question rather than the wrong one is to be tackled. Ramsay MacDonald, as the world knows, has the root of the matter in him, and the first public utterance of our new ambassador suggests that Washington also is alive to the actual needs of the time.

Mr. Dawes spoke to the Pilgrim Society not without confusion, yet with recognition of the main issue. He said:

> The naval officer has his duty to perform to his state and it is primarily to secure it against attack. He therefore trusts to his ships and armament. It is the duty of the statesman to remove from his state danger of attack. Upon the latter primarily lies the duty of peace-making, and in these negotiations he must hold the initiative. He is the one to build up a new order, to start a new policy, guided as he goes by the advice of those competent, patriotic, naval experts who serve him.

The distinction of tasks here is clear, and the primacy of the statesman's work is clearly set forth. He is to build up a new order and start a new policy. So far so good.

In what sense, however, is he to be guided in this task "by the advice of those competent, patriotic, naval experts who serve him"? Here is the sticking-point, and here Mr. Dawes falls into error and confusion from the standpoint of us extreme pacifists whom he so felicitously brackets with the extreme militarists as the lunatic fringe. Mr. Dawes would have the admirals of each nation first work out a definition of abstract equality and then would let the statesmen fashion a compromise between these definitions as a working formula for reduction. If this means that the statesmen are to take their admirals seriously, we are landed back just where we were, depending on our guns and ships for safety, and there can be no effective reduction. If on the other hand, the admirals and their influence are to be effectively kept out of the negotiations, then there is reasonable ground to hope that something substantial may be done. The most hopeful interpretation to put on the remarks of our Ambassador is that Washington and London alike, unable to scrap their admirals, intend to keep them out of the conference and to limit their power for mischief-making to a minimum. That is the best we can hope for as things stand.

As a matter of principle, the case is perfectly clear. If war between the English-speaking peoples is "inconceivable," as we daily assert, then the question of naval equality loses all interest. We must start with the assumption either that we may some day fight or that we shall never fight. The admiral, by the nature of his job, makes the first assumption. The statesman, on the other hand, may choose either alternative, but in fact he, too, generally chooses the first, thereby falling into the hands, because he falls into the thinking, of those whose business it is to make war.

Aside from the enormous economic gain involved, the most important result of any movement toward lessened armaments is probably the encouragement it gives people to think of national safety in other terms than those of a preponderance of force. A great opportunity now faces Mr. Hoover to help Americans think in those other terms. The existence of the MacDonald ministry gives him an extraordinary opening which we are eager to believe that he will seize. He cannot scrap the army and navy, but he can say like a sensible man that we have no wish or intention to fight anybody, least of all our British friends, that we are eager to save the burdensome taxes involved in carrying out our silly fifteen-cruiser program, and that we are willing to unite with other nations in almost any reasonable plan of naval reduction, without too meticulous consideration of the details of guns and ships. Such details are unimportant in a world where people do not mean to make war, and if we do not succeed in avoiding war they will make little difference anyway; for we shall all go to perdition together.

If the governments of Great Britain and the United States will only take a strong lead in a program of naval reduction, based on the assumption of mutual good faith and good-will, there are already indications of the willingness and eagerness of other governments to join with them. The cost of armaments is so heavy, the dread of war and ensuing civil disturbance is so great, that they all have the strongest motives to pay almost any price for peace. The people who pay the armament taxes are eager to be relieved of that burden, which they carry only because they have learned no better way of being safe. If the United States and England will muzzle their admirals as Mr. Dawes has suggested, and bring out their statesmen, we may see something done. It will never be done, however, if those statesmen think in ultimate terms of war. As is pointed out in our prize-winning essay elsewhere in this number, we have plenty of occasions of difference with our English as with our other friends; we have none that is worth or ever will be worth a war, and our statesmen must realize this fact. Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald now have a chance to lead in taking a step that will begin to give meaning and reality to the words that were spoken at Paris last summer. The road is difficult, but not impossible. Down with the admirals and up with the statesmen!

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Chekhov—Twenty-five Years After

IN the middle of July, 1904, the body of Anton Pavlovich Chekhov leisurely traveled from Badenweiler, Germany, to St. Petersburg, where it was buried. Admirers who at various railroad stations, some time in the midst of the night, came to take leave of the dead were shocked to discover, upon inquiry, that the coffin was conveyed in a car bearing the legend "Oysters." A fitting incongruity for the finale of one who had been primarily the poet of life's incongruities.

It has been the fate of Chekhov, in life and after his death, to be mercilessly interpreted. In Russia a writer without a pronounced "tendency" was regarded as an anomaly second only to that of a Russian without a passport—an unimaginable freak in a *Polizeistaat*. Chekhov felt mildly amused at the efforts of friend and enemy to label him definitively and drag him into one camp or another. He who had no use for reforms, revolutions, and similar palliatives could not but chuckle when a story or play of his would cause him to be simultaneously praised or damned as a reactionary and a radical, a Marxian materialist and a neo-Kantian idealist, a champion of the village and a protagonist of urban Russia, and so on to infinity. On the eve of the revolution of 1905 resolutions of various political groups ended with a quotation from Chekhov: "Tak zhit' nielzia," that is, one cannot, one must not, live such a life! Anton Pavlovich, in his grave, may have smiled at being thus utilized.

In Soviet Russia Chekhov is considered obsolescent. Shakespeare, Molière, dramatized Dickens and Jack London, and such Russians as Gogol and Ostrovsky are more appropriate and timely than the author of "The Cherry Orchard." At the same time the Western world, notably England and the United States, is beginning to appreciate Chekhov more and more. The pseudo-Marxian explanation of this phenomenon, by relegating Chekhov's writings to bourgeois art, will hardly do. Molière is being produced by workers' clubs in Moscow; does that classify Molière as a proletarian writer? A more plausible reason for the change in Chekhov's fortunes may be found in the fact that while Western audiences have become more sensitive for nuances, the Soviet public, in any event its present aristocracy, demands less subtlety than the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia. The ruling class in Russia, having had no yesterday in art appreciation, demands the obviously tragic, the obviously comic, or the immediately contemporary. Meierhold knows his clientele, and he brings the drama down to its level. Poster-like directness and striking effects, Constructivist scenery suggestive of the machine age, actual automobiles speeding up stage through the audience—that is digestible.

Chekhov has been baffling to critics, particularly to Russian critics whose prevailing penchant for the social or sociological method made their work serve a political rather than literary purpose. The Russians have found it exasperating to squeeze Chekhov into the Procrustean bed of definitive formulas. The difficulty of evaluating Chekhov in words is due to the fact that his is more than a verbal art, that it is infinitely suggestive of moods and of as many complex contradictions as life itself may contain. As a rule Chekhov's starting-point is the humor of the grotesque misplacement and the incongruous in life. If the humor turns out to be of the tragic variety, it is because Chekhov's keen eye observes not the exceptional but the ordinary and common. Chekhov insisted on "The Cherry Orchard" being a comedy. Stanislavsky overruled the author and presented the play as a tragedy. Who was right? Both, undoubtedly. The resolution-makers of 1905 were not wrong in choosing for a slogan Chekhov's "Tak zhit' nielzia." The word *nielzia* means both one cannot, physically, and one must not, ethically. Chekhov taught no message, he had no ax to grind. He showed life as it is, in all its incongruities, and only rarely suggested the inevitable deduction that one cannot and must not live thus. Were the Soviet audiences and producers a bit subtler, they might realize how profoundly nonconformist and revolutionary Chekhov is.

Empire Builder

PERHAPS the most important figure in the entire history of Central America—the man who has done most to steer the destinies of the Caribbean countries—was Minor Cooper Keith. Yet comparatively few of the headline-scanners of 1929 recognized the name when they read, on June 15, that Minor Keith, aged 81, had died.

Upon his tomb might well be inscribed the words "He built railroads and planted bananas." Those were his major activities and with them for more than half a century he remade nations. When he died his dream of a railroad that should link North America with South was still five hundred miles short of fulfilment, but he had built the major links, some of them over swampy jungle land where neither white man nor red had been able to live; and he had proved that they could be made to pay. He planted bananas to provide freight for his railways, and with his bananas transformed the whole East coast of Central America. His name was a byword in four republics, all of which had at times virtually put the entire settlement of their foreign debts in his hands.

Minor Keith belonged to an epic elder generation. He was no cool Wall Street head, planning from afar the exploitation of alien resources. He went to Costa Rica—from a Brooklyn lumberyard via a Texas ranch—at twenty-three, and he grew up with the country. Many of his first employees were veterans of William Walker's roistering filibusters. His uncle had built the famous Oroya Railway that meanders upward 15,000 feet in the Andes in Peru. Minor Keith lived his life in the tropics, and he married the daughter of a former President of Costa Rica. Central Americans, although they sometimes feared him, counted him one of themselves. And while there are stories of ruthless methods employed by the great United Fruit Company in squeezing lesser rivals out of its empire, the company boasts—it is significant and encouraging that it does boast—that it has never called for a marine or a battleship to protect it. More powerful than many nations, it has done its own negotiating and its own protecting.

In 1872 Minor Keith and his elder brother rode mule-

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back down to Limon on the Atlantic Coast of Costa Rica. There was no railroad to the interior in these days, and hardly even a trail to the miasmic swamps along the Atlantic Coast. The old saying was that a man who made the trip to the coast once was a hero; if he went twice he was a fool. Keith went a hundred times. Once he took with him a corps of happy-go-lucky New Orleans dockhands, who first mutinied and then died of fever. Another time he brought in a few thousand Italians; some of them died and the rest deserted. Thousands of lives were lost; Keith and the Republic of Costa Rica both almost went bankrupt. It took twenty years to lay the rails up to the capital; meanwhile Keith, realizing that Costa Rican coffee, in spite of its excellent quality, would not supply enough freight, began planting bananas along the railway route and cultivating them with the black labor he had found best adapted to the country. Today the whole East coast of Central America is a waving mass of gigantic banana leaves; its population is largely black, and English is more current than Spanish. It is the empire of the United Fruit Company.

The United Fruit Company is the product of a merger between the Keith interests in Central America and Boston interests which had built up a fruit business in Jamaica. Today it has an investment of some two hundred million dollars in tropical fruit; it employs 50,000 men in the Caribbean region alone, and keeps more than as many again busy growing fruit for it on their own plantations. It owns, directly or indirectly, four-fifths of the railways of Costa Rica and all its ports, and virtually all the railways of Honduras, Guatemala, and Salvador; and its investments in Nicaragua, Panama, and Colombia are considerable. It has built cities; it antedated Gorgas in controlling tropical disease; it maintains hospitals and schools. And all this enormous efflorescence of industry in what had seemed uninhabitable jungles —its operations have been slightest in the upland coffee country settled by the Spaniards—is largely due to the vision, the ruthless energy, and the organizing ability of Minor Keith. Younger men have grown up in the business under him; but he is universally recognized in Central America as the grand old man of bananas, the grand old man of railways, the greatest single force in building up the region economically.

But bananas, revolutionary as they have been, are mild compared to the ultimate influence of railways. Minor Keith's railways are still local fruit roads; but he dreamed them linked into an iron backbone of the Americas. Already it is possible to travel by rail from New York almost to the frontier of Nicaragua. Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, and Salvador are united by rail. And over the rails, even of the lesser fruit roads, come Detroit motor cars, Cincinnati candles, Pittsburgh aluminum pots, phonographs, radio sets, breakfast foods, and cigarettes. The old local crafts begin to disappear; they will soon be gone, unless the Indian stock of Guatemala and Mexico can continue to resist the effects of hard roads and cheap factory goods. It seems hardly likely. A whole culture is doomed by Minor Keith's banana and banana railroads. He himself had the wisdom occasionally to ponder what he had done; but the bright young men who have grown up under him have no doubts. And though they never need marines or gunboats, the effect of their bustling activity is a subtler, profounder, and more revolutionary imperialism than that which spreads its more obvious wings under the protection of Uncle Sam's soldier-boys.

Freedom and Loyalty

IN the course of his baccalaureate sermon at Columbia University Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, the former dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, bade the students play the part of free men,

> preserving in its integrity your personal life and never allowing it to be controlled and dominated by opinions and judgments forced upon you from without. If you feel impelled to do so [he continued], you will plead in San Francisco for Tom Mooney's release; you will question in Boston the justice of the Sacco-Vanzetti executions, and you will proclaim at conventions of the Daughters of the American Revolution (if they will let you) the rights of Quakers and pacifists to citizenship, though you yourself happen to be neither.

When so much worth saying has been so admirably said it is perhaps ungracious to raise any objections, but if we may judge from the printed reports we are afraid that Dr. Robbins left the loophole which the ministerial mind is, perhaps, even more likely than any other to be careful to leave. His subject was not Freedom, but Freedom *and* Loyalty. And when you link the two you raise a difficulty which Dr. Robbins does not seem to have solved. He told his hearers that the two ideals lay at opposite poles; he urged them to be "as free as you are loyal and as loyal as you are free"; but he did not, unfortunately, tell them how this feat was to be accomplished, and to us it seems that he thus stopped short at the very point where any possibly fruitful discussion of Freedom *and* Loyalty should begin.

We have no doubt that the Grand Kleagle himself would agree with Dr. Robbins "in principle." Certainly Mr. Wilson professed to do so at the very time when he sanctioned the conscription of all youth and the persecution of conscientious objectors. But the fact remains that to insist upon Freedom *and* Loyalty is not to announce a principle but to indulge an evasion, because whenever anything fundamental is at stake the problem must always resolve itself into one of choice. No one who succeeded in being "as free as he was loyal and as loyal as he was free" ever got into any trouble with even the Daughters of the American Revolution or the Ku Klux Klan, but no one with an independent mind ever succeeded in convincing himself that he could always reconcile the two unreconcilables. One or the other must come first.

Every fundamentalist believes in Faith *and* Reason, just as every member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice believes in Liberty without License, but no specific problem was ever solved by the enunciation of either one of these seductive phrases. Nor will any student at Columbia ever be brought to a clear decision by pondering the mystical unity of Freedom and Loyalty. When a book is published, a strike is called, or a war is declared, he will be urged one way by a group shouting "Loyalty" and another way by a group shouting "Freedom." What he will have to do is make a choice, and Dr. Robbins must have discovered the fact during the course of his late disagreements with his superior, that high-pressure promoter who happens to be the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York. It is too bad that he could not bring himself to admit it to the graduates of Columbia.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IN his lively biographical sketch "John D., A Portrait in Oils," John K. Winkler directs attention to one of the major achievements in the life of the magnate. And according to the judgment of the author, the financier's growth in public esteem has been a matter of shrewd foresight. Mr. Winkler believes that the oil king's vast gifts for health and education have wholly altered his station in the public eye. He seems to think that shrewd press agentry, pictures for newspaper photographers, and silver dimes for caddies have altered the whole temper of a nation's thinking.

With all due respect to Mr. Ivy Lee, I think that deeper causes have contributed to the abatement of the hot hatred which once flowed out of the community toward John D. Rockefeller. It does not seem to me that even now the people of America are actually adoring in their attitude toward the old gentleman though he has been accepted as an interesting personality. I believe and hope that Americans have outgrown a naive and absurd way of thinking in regard to economic matters. Time was when every rich industrialist was of necessity a villain. The captains of finance were the men behind the trusts and the trusts ground down and exploited the poor. Once upon a time the notion held sway that if the Government would only compel competition in every form of business we should all be rich, happy, and the possessors of full dinner pails.

I would not for a moment suggest that John D. Rockefeller formed a giant combination out of altruistic motives, and yet I think that he is sound in his contention that the Standard Oil Company has, on the whole, been beneficial to the citizens of the United States. I say this in spite of the citations of evil practice brought forward by Ida Tarbell. Sooner or later the American consumer must face the hard fact that he will never benefit in the long run from cutthroat competition, be it in oil or meat, transportation or woolen garments. After all price must depend ultimately upon cost of production, and too many cooks not only spoil the broth but make it more expensive.

To be sure, the innocent bystander may profit for a little while through a price war, but such deadly struggles are of short duration, and you may be sure that what the consumer saves during the strife he will later make up in an indemnity to the winner. The Sherman and the Clayton acts are relics of legislation enacted in the days when political economics was in the kindergarten stage. For the time being there is need of a close alliance and understanding between big business and men of a radical turn of mind. For the most part the Socialist has been wise enough to see that the Fords, the Rockefellers, and the Morgans are all unconsciously the friends of his philosophy. It is the vast organizers who have shown us how great are the economies in combination. They have proved that a high standard of living can be maintained only in lands where monopoly is allowed to flourish. A commercial war, like any other, is generally destructive to all concerned. It is practical wisdom for the Socialist to say: "Combine and merge, grow big and bigger, and at the proper time we'll take you over."

Utopian dreams of the four-hour day and the five-day week assume immediacy only when they are translated into terms of industrial unification and organization. Of course, the scheme of fattening trusts up for the public good has its dangers. In the case of utility corporations, for one, we have seen the manner in which giant combinations tend to seek control of public opinion and to influence information and control legislation. No one should deny that there is a risk in allowing the erection of vast citadels of capital. But the risk must be taken. There is no other way. In spite of persuasive sentimentalists no one can seriously consider a return to the old days of handicraft. While it is true that the artisan of an age which is passed may have had more fun in his job than a Ford employee pressing some single gadget it is well to remember that he had to stick to his bench during hours which now seem inconceivable to most of us. Most of the tears which have been shed over the passing of the candlestick-maker and the weaver and the tinsmith were not shed by any of the members of those arduous occupations.

The world is coming to think of work as a necessary evil. Organize, and it can be reduced to a minimum. Some of us today take setting-up exercises that we may live. We don't pretend to think that it is enjoyable to touch the fingers to the toes a dozen times or yet a hundred. But the whole business may be stuffed into a small compass. So it may be in time with labor. But first we must rid the world of that grinding false god called competition, which actually means that three people perform a task which could be better done by one under more shrewdly devised circumstances.

If competition is the actual ogre who has robbed our days of playing and our nights of sleep then we owe Mr. Rockefeller a vote of thanks and not any measure of hatred whatsoever. Yet I would not go so far as to lead a cheering squad to the high fence in Tarrytown. Just as I never regarded John D. as an arch-villain so do I now refuse to hail him as a shining hero.

It has become the custom to salute each of the great industrialists as a genius. I quarrel with that because there seem to be so many of them and when one dies or steps down another moves forward to take his place. Few will deny that the elder Morgan was a man of more forceful personality than his son who now rules the great banking house. And yet the affairs which went on under the hand of the dead leader were insignificant in scope compared to the undertakings of the present firm.

Three names are mentioned as America's greatest. Ford, Rockefeller, and Edison comprise the trio. Edison is, of course, no financier at all, although his inventions form the very core of every merger in public utilities. Ford is a curious combination of engineer and practical organizer. Rockefeller is sheer financier. Obviously the nature of American life has been vastly influenced by these three. Your house and mine show in every corner the touch of their fingers. That is if you will allow me to include the garage. And yet I believe that in a hundred years all three will be virtually forgotten. They have come into our homes and not into our heads. After a century only the intangibles can be seen or felt or heard.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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England and America*

By CHARLES E. PAYNE

JUST before the Great War the United States and Great Britain celebrated the completion of one hundred years of peace between the two nations. Commenting on this record, Lord Bryce said: "Whenever there were bad manners in London, there was good temper at Washington and when there was a storm on the Potomac, there was calm on the Thames. The moral is that peace can always be kept, whatever the controversy, between peoples that wish to keep it."

In spite of this unique record, the post-war years have gradually developed an exceedingly dangerous tension. This has become so serious that even as realistic and level-headed a statesman as Ramsay MacDonald has declared that a war between the two peoples is by no means unthinkable. This startling and sinister change has not been desired by either Government and, least of all, by either people. Nevertheless we have blindly drifted into the same atmosphere of mutual jealousy that has resulted in past wars.

In an analysis of this situation, it should be noted that there has always existed a certain amount of dislike in each nation for the other. In America, this has been partly an inheritance from the Wars of '76 and 1812. It has been kept alive by the nationalistic type of textbook in our schools, has been sedulously stimulated by certain organizations which would appear to exist for no other purpose, and has been too frequently capitalized by ignorant or unscrupulous politicians. It has been fostered, too, by immigrants from certain other countries and notably by the Irish who have always played an active part in our political life. By centuries of mistreatment, England has instilled into the Irish a deep hatred which they not unnaturally brought to this country. While the Irish question is now settled the old hatred still plays its part.

The British dislike for Americans is grounded in the belief that we are a provincial people; it finds expression in a "certain condescension" which James Russell Lowell once deprecated. For this attitude, Americans themselves are not altogether blameless. The American traveler abroad must frequently blush for the noisy and self-assertive type of his countrymen. Of course, an irritating type of Britisher visits America but he comes in smaller numbers.

Another contributing factor to this permanent misunderstanding is the existence of a highly nationalistic and irresponsible type of newspaper which indulges in misrepresentation of the other people and plays upon the vanity of its own. This game of international "window-smashing," as Bismarck once called it, is highly profitable to the newspapers, but as the same statesman pointed out, every country eventually pays for the windows which its papers smash.

Equally offensive and far less excusable is the sort of statement occasionally indulged in by public officials. President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech illustrates how strikingly inept a provincial mind can be when it lacks both humor and imagination.

The irritating factors thus far discussed, while more or less permanent, would never in themselves have produced a crisis. They have been offset down to the Great War by the large fund of common sense and good humor in each people, supplemented by mutual confidence and respect. Down to that time, too, there had been no great clash of economic interests. While the United States and Great Britain had been expanding rapidly they had expanded in different spheres. Great Britain had been developing the "Second British Empire" whereas the United States had been advancing westward. Thus no serious rivalry developed at sea or for the markets of the world. Indeed, the two Powers served each other's economic needs admirably. Great Britain as a creditor nation was looking for good investments, and thus it happened that our transcontinental railways were largely financed by British capital.

With the end of the Spanish American War, however, the United States expanded beyond this continent and began to develop the interests of a World Power. With the resources of a continent behind us and with our agencies for organization, we soon became a rival of Great Britain for world markets and began to emerge from a debtor to a creditor nation. It became evident to shrewd observers that the United States was destined eventually to surpass Great Britain as an industrial and financial power. This change, indeed, was precipitated by the Great War which weakened Great Britain's economic position, almost eliminated her rival Germany, and left the United States the strongest economic power in the world. Hardly was the war over, when Great Britain began to feel the danger to her supremacy. On July 1, 1919, that astute observer, Colonel House, wrote President Wilson from London: "Almost as soon as I arrived in England I sensed an antagonism to the United States . . . our position is much more favorable. It is because of this that the relations between the two countries are beginning to assume the same character as those of England and Germany before the war.

"By her industry and organization, Germany was forging ahead as the first Power in the world but she lost everything by her arrogance and lack of statesmanship. Will it be Great Britain or the United States who will next commit the colossal blunder?"

The decade which has elapsed since these pregnant words has not definitely answered his question as to whether the United States or Great Britain will make the "colossal blunder." It is certain, however, that the friction between the two peoples has been greatly intensified, and that neither nation can claim a clean bill of conduct as to responsibility.

The British feel that we have joyously accepted the advantages of our new position but have refused to assume the corresponding responsibilities. Our failure to join the League, to adhere to the Court unless given a privileged position, and our unwillingness to guarantee any kind of sanctions for the Kellogg-Briand Pact are interpreted as evidence of our irresponsible attitude. In a recent visit to England, the writer heard this view expounded by scores of

* The prize-winning essay in *The Nation's* recent contest on the status of British and American relations.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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Englishmen of all classes. Whether just or unjust, it is one of the grave causes of the existent ill feeling. A second grievance is the debt settlement which the average Britisher feels has proved entirely too burdensome. Since he is paying the highest income tax in the world and since both Italy and France were treated more leniently, he is deeply disgruntled. Great Britain like France has her "devastated region." It consists of a serious falling-off in her export trade due to a general decline in world markets. Since the war, her exports have never been more than 75 per cent of their pre-war level. This factor together with the demoralization of her coal industry and trade has left Great Britain with a permanent body of over a million unemployed which has to be sustained at the public expense. In this harassing condition she has tried desperately to recapture a higher per cent of her pre-war markets but in so doing the British producer has come up against the American tariff wall and the keen competition of American mass production.

Finally, America is now challenging the most deeply cherished of all British traditions, her right to control the trade of neutrals with a nation whom she is fighting; a tradition older, dearer, and even more vital to the British than the Monroe Doctrine is to Americans. Little wonder that John Bull is both sore and indignant!

Looked at from our side, however, Uncle Sam has his grievance and his case. Over here, industrialization has gone on apace and has gradually passed into the hands of "Big Business" which has developed organization and mass production on an unprecedented scale. The home market no longer suffices either for the consumption of our products or surplus capital. In consequence, we are attempting to capture foreign markets and to find fields for investments abroad.

Then, there is the question of raw materials. The automobile industry is largely American and depends upon cheap oil and cheap rubber. There has been sharp competition between British and American oil interests in Mexico, Persia, Turkey, and Irak. As for rubber, almost the whole output is British and there has been severe criticism from American buyers of her regulation of this monopoly.

"Big Business" (including rubber and oil companies) demands that its interests—its investments, loans, and markets—be protected by a strong foreign policy. This pressure found expression in Mr. Coolidge's declaration that "our citizens abroad are part of our national domain," and a determined effort has been made by propaganda to educate the public up to this principle of foreign policy. Along with these developments there has grown up a determination not to tolerate in the future Great Britain's regulation of neutral trade when she is at war. The "freedom of the seas" has become almost an article of faith with the American people and it brings us into direct conflict with the most cherished of all British traditions. It is this question which is really at the bottom of our present naval rivalry. In other words, the clash of economic interests has produced naval competition and the two together are chiefly responsible for the present critical character of Anglo-American relations.

Attempts at naval agreements have failed because they have not come to grips with the vital issue, the freedom of the seas. Within limits, the Washington Conference was a great success. It settled certain Far Eastern problems, averted war with Japan, and established parity in battleships. It succeeded because strategy was subordinated to policy. This angered the friends of the big navy, and they have discredited the conference ever since. At the Geneva Conference, they had their day—policy was subordinated to strategy—the result was failure. Both the British and American delegations were about equally responsible for the failure but the press of each country threw the blame entirely upon the other delegation. Then came the highly unfortunate Anglo-French naval agreement. Britain herself has overwhelmingly repudiated it but it has left deep suspicion in the American mind. Finally, the Kellogg-Briand Pact was offered the world as our contribution to peace. At the same time, however, we passed the Fifteen Cruiser Bill revealing our own lack of faith in the new program.

So in this wise, it has come about that Uncle Sam and John Bull, friends for a century, look across the Atlantic, each a little truculent, and both very suspicious while Thomas Hardy's "Spirit Ironic" mockingly comments, "Yet both peoples want peace!"

The prospect, however, is not hopeless. "Peace can always be kept between peoples that wish to keep it." What then is the way out?

So far as economic rivalry is concerned, immediate action is not imperative. A geographical division of economic supremacy seems to have developed, the United States predominating in South America, Canada, and the Far East; and Great Britain in the rest of the world. Eventually as competition becomes sharper, some sort of international control of raw materials and perhaps of markets may be necessary. Public opinion, however, is not yet ready for such measures. In the meantime, very practical steps can be taken along three lines: (1) The education of the public as to the issues involved and the forces creating them; (2) the establishment of a machinery for the peaceful settlement of differences; (3) the solution of the freedom of the seas issue.

In the matter of educating the public the press is the most important factor. It is unfortunate that international good-will should turn upon the whims and prejudices of correspondents and the desire of publishers for large profits. It seems unlikely that any great reform in this direction will originate in the press. The greatest hope lies in the reading public itself. There is much evidence that even now the American public is beginning to resent the kind of foreign news service which it has thus far received. A healthy skepticism and objectivity are being rapidly developed by the Foreign Policy Association, the World Peace Foundation, the Williamstown Institute of Politics, and conferences of a similar kind. It would be difficult to exaggerate the magnificent work done by such organizations. The further development and multiplication of this type of institution by internationally minded millionaires would be one of the greatest contributing factors to future world peace.

It is only just to add that an influential part of our press and the better weeklies on both sides of the Atlantic have done yeoman service in this same direction. For the most part, they have been singularly liberal and detached in their judgment, and constructive in their criticism. Good service, too, has been done by the college professors of the country in changing the character of our school textbooks. Many texts are now available in which the drum and the trumpet play a less prominent part and which reflect an unbiased attitude toward Great Britain. This newer type of history is slowly making its way into the schools.

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These combined forces, the textbooks, the responsible part of the press, and the various agencies for the study of international problems, are making it increasingly difficult for the demagogic type of newspaper or politician to influence national policies.

When it comes to establishing a machinery for the peaceful settlement of differences, we shall have to adjust our thinking to our position as a World Power. So far as governmental action is concerned, the first feasible constructive step will be to join the World Court and give it our hearty support. If the Root formula is not effective, we should continue our efforts until a satisfactory formula is found and thus demonstrate our faith in judicial processes.

It is unlikely that American opinion will go as far as to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court. On the other hand, public opinion will approve an agreement with Great Britain to arbitrate all questions which cannot be settled by diplomacy or judicial methods—even questions of vital interest and national honor. Our experience of over a century in settling disputes with Great Britain would entirely justify such a step. These two measures will establish a machinery for settling all difficulties and obviate any necessity of ever resorting to war as "an instrument of national policy."

An arbitration treaty will be certain of approval by both peoples if the vexed question of the freedom of the seas can first be disposed of. The most practical solution of this century-old problem seems to be that now advocated by Wickham Steed, editor of the English *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Steed urges that Great Britain declare that she will "recognize absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters except as seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action, for enforcement of international covenants." He argues that sea power would then become the servant of law and the road would be open for cooperation in peace with the United States and like-minded nations.

This suggestion has met with a good deal of approval in Great Britain and will meet with more if the United States will agree as a *quid pro quo* not to interfere with an economic blockade imposed by a unanimous vote of the League of Nations Council. There will then be no neutrals since we shall have renounced the right to trade with an outlaw nation which, in almost every conceivable case, will have also violated the Kellogg Pact. Surely this will be no great renunciation if we are really interested in a world organized for peace rather than war. On the other hand, in a case where the Council of the League is not unanimous, Great Britain will have renounced the right to interfere with our trade.

Of course, it will be objected that for the United States to permit an outside organization to determine whether or not it may trade with another nation is too great an infringement of our national sovereignty. But Great Britain will be renouncing an equally great privilege—one, in fact, even more vital to her existence. Moreover, the limitations will be self-imposed. We will voluntarily limit our sovereignty by our own sovereign will just as we would do in signing a treaty.

As John W. Davis has recently pointed out, too much of our thinking on this all-important question is based upon the false assumption that in the wars of the future Great Britain will always be a belligerent of the "old-fashioned" type and the United States will always be a neutral of the "old-fashioned" kind. As a matter of fact, with the existence of the League, the Locarno Pact, the Four Power Treaty, and the Kellogg-Briand Pact, "the controlling idea in the world of today is world peace against all disturbers." With the United States committed to the side of peace in advance it is hardly likely that any nation in the future will make itself a disturber.

Such an understanding with Great Britain is to be preferred to the adoption of the Capper Resolution which provides for an arms embargo against, and non-intercourse with, any nation which in the President's judgment violates the Kellogg-Briand Pact. The Pact, however, permits "defensive wars" without defining the term. Further, it has been so limited by reservations that its violation by any one country is largely a matter of interpretation. To put the onus of interpretation and decision upon the President is to impose upon him a great responsibility which is certain to bring upon him not only charges of injustice but great unpopularity at home and abroad. Such a responsibility is essentially international in character. For a single nation or its representative to have power to declare another nation an outlaw would be an anachronism in a world internationally organized for peace.

Then, too, the Capper Resolution makes us responsible for preventing our own nationals from trading with the outlaw nation. Mr. Morrison of the *Christian Century* and many other Americans are vigorously opposed to such a policy. Finally, the Capper Resolution leaves the question of the freedom of the seas exactly where it is now—full of potential danger.

A compulsory arbitration treaty with Great Britain and a settlement as to freedom of the seas would remove all excuse for naval competition. A naval conference might then succeed. Perhaps it would be appropriate that the call for the next conference should come from Great Britain. It is needless to say that the ground should be carefully prepared and that, like the Washington Conference, it should be dominated by statesmen more concerned with general policy than with the illusion of mathematical parity.

The plan sketched above would settle the only immediately dangerous problem, the freedom of the seas. It would justify reduction in armaments, it would demonstrate to Great Britain and the world that the United States is willing to cooperate by joining one world organization (the Court) and lending its official support to another (the League). It would express our faith in the Conference method, settlement by judicial processes, and arbitration. Finally, by establishing a machinery for the peaceful settlement of differences, it would enormously strengthen the Kellogg-Briand Pact.

To those who are convinced that international agreements will always be broken and that the only protection lies in superior force, these measures will not appeal. So far as Great Britain is concerned, our century of peaceful relations is a striking refutation of such a view. Moreover, the world is fast losing patience with that type of thinker. The more realistic of us are realizing that the principles of Hugo Grotius are steadily gaining ground over those of Machiavelli, and that the future lies with the spirit of cooperation and moral force. Given a machinery through which these forces can function and the rest can be safely left to the common sense and good-will of the two peoples.

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*Modern Spain**

II. How Strong Is the Dictatorship?

By CARLETON BEALS

Madrid, June 12

RECENTLY the Spanish authorities fined Señor Indalecio Prieto, editor of *El Liberal* in Bilboa, one thousand pesetas for publishing a photograph in which the niece of the Pope appeared at a social function in short skirts revealing very neat knees. (The Pope's sentiments at that time regarding the moral boundaries of the female anatomy were being broadcast.) "Five hundred pesetas for each calf (*pantorrilla*)?" exclaimed Señor Prieto to me. "Really too much even for very nice calves!"

Doctor Gregorio Mariñon, a Republican leader and one of the most prominent physicians in Spain, was giving a public course in sex hygiene—things told freely in every high school in the United States. At the instigation of the clergy his course was closed by the police. He was arrested and fined 100,000 pesetas by the Dictatorship.

Two years ago the Bishop of Madrid engaged in civil action for the possession of certain properties connected with the Institute of San Isidro, and the Supreme Court ruled that titles pass to the state. But the Dictator, in spite of this decision, delivered the disputed properties to the Bishop, plus several million pesetas interest.

These by no means exceptional occurrences indicate the relation between church and state, between the church and the Dictatorship. The 100,000 odd priests, nuns, and monks in Spain (one for every forty families, a burden heavier than that of the officer caste) enjoy special privileges and *fueros*. Save for graver offenses, they are still immune from civil punishment. High officials of the church occupy important government posts and are found in the hand-picked "national" Assembly of Primo de Rivera. The religious press is well subsidized by the Dictator, and the Jesuit periodical *El Debate* is considered an official organ. Prelates are the guests of honor at every official function.

From the first the church rallied to the side of the Dictator. The Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, the Archbishops of Valencia, Valladolid, Siguenza, and the Bishop of Madrid, all issued pastoral letters urging support of the new regime. In the political struggles of the nineteenth century the army and church were ever at loggerheads; but today, with the menace of more radical tendencies, the two groups now meet for mutual support in the halls of government. Primo owes much to the church; and the church owes much to Primo.

In this, Primo is, of course, merely carrying out the traditions of the dynasty. When Alfonso XIII visited the Vatican several years ago, he delivered an address of charming provincialism, in which he promised to combat heresy and punish infidels—which has been done to the best of the Dictator's ability. In return the King asked the Pope to admit Spaniards into the Papal Guard, to create more Latin-American cardinals, and to stop the separatist propaganda being carried on by the Catalán priests. Unfortunately the King, so informed persons tell me, has no exalted concept of religion, but is profoundly superstitious and places great faith in personal physical salvation from bombs and sickness in the intervention of particular saints, through the use of holy water, scapularies, medallions, etc. He backs every intrenchment of clerical power.

And Primo de Rivera has consistently made concessions to the clerical elements. The Augustine college of the Escorial and the Jesuit college in Bilboa, despite their deficient humanistic curriculums, have been given the right to issue university degrees. The closing of the national engineering school of Madrid has strengthened the Jesuit school in the same capital. This year a decree provided that the university examinations throughout Spain would be conducted by joint committees of professors and priests. These, and similar concessions to the military schools, precipitated the students' strike of March, which resulted in the closing of five universities, the wholesale arrest of students, the discharge and resignation of professors, and bloody riots. The Dictator has been obliged to suspend the decree relating to examinations.

Public education has consistently suffered in order to benefit religious schools. The amount spent on primary education per pupil in Madrid and in many other places has steadily declined, though doctored government statistics would show a slight increase in the number of schools. In Madrid the amount per pupil is less than one-fourth that spent in the most backward of the sixty largest cities of the United States. Through the pressure of the collaborating Socialists, the Dictator reluctantly began building six new primary units in Madrid, where over 80 per cent of the public schools are ungraded, single-teacher, single-room affairs thrust in the dark corners of private medieval buildings, without proper playground, heating, or toilet facilities. But the work on the six new buildings was delayed as much as possible. And though two of the units have been completed for two years, clerical opposition (according to leading educators) has prevented these units from being inaugurated. They stand empty, useless.

The outstanding humanist in Spanish education is Señor Luis Bello, a remarkable, unassuming, lovable man. During the past three years Bello has journeyed throughout Spain in the most humble fashion, visiting public schools, traveling to the remotest hamlets. He discovered schools that nobody knew existed; but he also discovered conditions more depressing than ever had been imagined. He has written over five hundred articles and has published four books, demanding more schools, better schools, more and better teachers, and better pay. His efforts have aroused the country. Through personal, patient contact with the townspeople of all Spain, single-handed, he has created a current of public opinion. Never in the history of the land have so many people and commissions called upon the Ministry of

* The second of four articles by Carleton Beals. The next, Censorship at Its Worst, will appear in an early issue.—Editor The Nation.

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Education, demanding schools; never has the Government been so swamped with letters and petitions. Bello is a man reverenced throughout Spain. Though half-starving he refused to accept a position with the present regime, and though offered a thousand pesetas to give an address at an official ceremony he declined. But in spite of public clamor for schools, little has been done. The Government promises, passes orders, authorizes the appointment of a teacher, announces the creation of a school in the official statistics, but nothing happens.

"And why?" I asked Señor Bello.

"The greatest obstacle to public education, in fact the one real obstacle in the towns and cities of this country, is the clerical opposition. Undoubtedly, in spite of unfavorable conditions and poor pay, the best teachers are in the government schools, but the best-equipped schools are the religious institutions. The religious schools block every effort to expand public education. Their schools are all pay schools, but they keep an eye on the poor students in the government schools, and as soon as a child shows promise he is offered a religious scholarship.

"Recently I visited districts in Spain where the people are absolutely cut off from intercourse, villages which live absolutely isolated, without wheeled communication, where the people are much the same as before the coming of the Romans and speak an almost unintelligible tongue. In these and other villages I have called the attention of the authorities to the utter lack of education. What has been the result? The church immediately used influence to have the local priest appointed school-teacher. The Government is afraid to take this step, yet it does not wish to offend the church by denying it anything. So nothing is done. Perhaps, after all, these delays are just as well, for what kind of education can we expect from the Dictatorship? Perhaps we can oblige it to erect new buildings. Even if we construct at the rate of a thousand buildings a year, decades will be required before we catch up to fairly normal condition."

"And are the religious schools the only barriers to a proper public school system?"

"In the towns and the cities. But in the rural districts the main obstacle is found in the large landed proprietors, who desire to prevent public education, because they fear that the children when they grow up will refuse to work from sun-up to sun-down for from two to three pesetas a day (28 to 42 cents) and a ration of bread dipped in vinegar."

In southern Spain the backbone of the Dictator's support comes from the large landed proprietors and bull-breeders. In this region exists the worst absenteeism in Spain, with the low wages mentioned by Señor Bello. One proprietor boasted to me that he drove his cattle from Galicia in northwest Spain clear to Andalusia in the far south, without ever leaving the estates he owned. Great tracts are devoted to the raising of bulls for the ring. In some places the only meat the people taste is that of the bull and the horses after they have been slaughtered in the ring. The founder of the Unión Patriotica in Sevilla (an organization fomented by the Dictator and the military officers to take the place of defunct political parties no longer permitted to function, an organization within which Primo declared there was "ample room for all shades of political opinion") was Señor Benjemea (brother of the Minister of Fomento, Count Guadelhorce), the owner of large bull-raising estates in Andalusia. The public calls the members "los mansos de Benjemea"—a *manso* being a bull that won't fight and gets hissed from the ring.

The only old-time political group which the Dictator has permitted to flourish openly has been the Socialist Party and the allied Unión General de Trabajadores (General Confederation of Workers). For the Socialists this has been a tactic of self-preservation. The arrival of the Dictatorship, in fact, salvaged the Socialist Party from decline. Primo has rewarded the Socialist leaders with jobs in the Government. Largo Caballero is on the Council of State; special posts have been created for Angel Saborit, head of Socialist Youth, and for Fabra Rivas. In part this collaboration has been a question of gratitude. While Professor Fernando de los Ríos, Alvarez del Vayo, and other Socialists have refused openly to follow the majority, the decision of the party to support Primo de Rivera is born of anterior circumstances.

The Moroccan disasters, terrible economic conditions, parliamentary ineptitude led prior to 1923 to a considerable increase in Communist strength in northern Spain and to the rapid growth of the Syndicalist movement (Confederación Nacional de Trabajo) in Cataluña, later in Madrid itself. The Communists captured the elections in the important industrial center of Bilboa and throughout much of the Basque region, and drove their erstwhile comrades out at the point of the gun, planting their red standard in the Casa del Pueblo. They also secured control of most of the miners. The Syndicalists also made inroads. Earlier the Socialists had been given guaranties by the Catalán authorities, where Primo was commandant, to carry their propaganda into the Syndicalist camp, but with limited success. The Syndicalists, for their part, countered by directing their propaganda at Madrid itself, the traditional Socialist stronghold ever since the patriarchal Pablo Iglesias put the party on the map. Shortly before the Primo coup, the Syndicalists gained possession of the Casa del Pueblo, ousting the Socialists from control of the U.G.T. of the capital. The Socialist Party was in difficult straits. The arrival of the Dictatorship reversed roles. Primo immediately flung Communists and Syndicalists into jail, and to the joy of the Socialist leaders stamped out the Syndicalist movement in Barcelona with an iron heel. At the same time the Dictator issued a manifesto declaring labor must limit its demands, work longer hours, increase its output and efficiency. The Socialist Party mildly protested in favor of existing social legislation. The Dictator replied that he had no intention of abolishing existing labor laws and congratulated the party for its disciplined and sensible attitude, immediately appointing Socialists to government jobs. Strike committees, half U.G.T.-half proprietor, with a government chairman were appointed. Thus the Socialist Party serves as one of the supports of the Dictatorship, maintaining labor forces in a neutral position and blocking popular organization against the regime. The Socialist Party, like the Catalán industrialists, fears the Syndicalists and Communists more than it hates the Dictator.

The only open opposition to the Dictatorship thus far has come from (1) the Conservative Party, ex-Premier Sánchez Guerra being associated with the artillery plot of last January. He is now imprisoned on a battle-cruiser; (2) the students and professors and practically all the intellectuals, who have been ruthlessly persecuted; (3) the

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Republicans. The last deserve more extended comment.

With the downfall of the Republic in 1873 and the final restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, republicanism fell into disrepute. In spite of the sharp swing toward reaction and clericalism, the monarchy more or less respected the liberal constitution of 1869, dug up from the debris of the Carlist wars; and though church and state were not separated, and the Senate remained a ludicrous aristocratic-military-clerical haven, on the whole a measure of popular expression was guaranteed in the Chamber. The Spanish public, tired of internal disorder, felt that the country could best be served by a modified English parliamentary system. The Republic Party subsided to one of so many other parliamentary groups, a name rather than a reality, a guaranty of parliamentary liberties rather than a revolutionary menace. Republic leaders were known to be on the Crown pay-roll; and though the noisy Lerroux occasionally shook his fist, the Conservatives and Court Liberals smiled indulgently. For Lerroux is a rabid Fascist, a believer in the Moroccan imperialism and all the other paraphernalia of the existing regime—except the monarchy.

Today, however, the repressions of the Dictatorship have created a radical republican sentiment. The thinking public is convinced that Alfonso XIII is and always has been basically an absolutist; it considers him equally responsible for the repressive acts and robbing concessions of Primo. His Majesty's signature appears on all decrees; he has muddied himself in the same pool. And so, several weeks ago, Lerroux came out with a manifesto attacking Primo de Rivera and the monarchy, declaring that only two courses were open: collaboration or revolution, adding cynically that he, because of his age, accepted collaboration. Lerroux remains on the extreme right of the Republican movement. The middle wing is led by Dr. Gregorio Mariñon, previously mentioned, in collaboration with Jiménez de Asúa and Ortega y Gasset, the latter Spain's best-known philosopher, who recently resigned, after fourteen years of service, from the University of Madrid, in protest at the treatment of the students. The leaders of the left Republican wing are Alvaro Albornoz and Marcelino Domingo. Whereas the Mariñon group declares that it is sufficient to oust the King, the left wing declares that a sound republicanism can only be built on social reform. When I arrived in Spain, Albornoz was being held in jail. I greeted him when he stepped out of the Carcel Modelo after fifty-six days of confinement. The program of his group, now organized on a semi-secret basis, calls for a courageous attempt to face the problems of Spain: overthrow of the monarchy; break-up of the large estates in the south; the creation of normal-sized patrimonies in Asturias and the north, where subdivision has created anti-economic units; an enlightened labor code; the freeing of Spain from the terrible incubus of clericalism; separation of church and state; the abolition of special ecclesiastical privileges; the creation of an independent judiciary, and the reestablishment of trial by jury.

Yet it is necessary to face reality. The Conservatives, though now in great part against the King, are the outs, desiring a return to their favored pre-1923 position on a parliamentary basis. The student strike was sporadic and isolated; the intellectual elements are without political orientation. The Republicans are woefully split. The Catalán separatists cannot offer a national solution.

Congress Takes a Holiday

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., June 24

DURING the two months that Congress was in special session before going into summer recess, it considered four major subjects of legislation—farm relief, census-and-reapportionment, immigration, and tariff. It disposed of the first three, leaving tariff, the most contentious and important of the lot, for final action in the fall. This special session of the first Congress under the Hoover Administration afforded some interesting tests. First, it demonstrated that the House, with its unwieldy Republican majority, has simply ceased to function as a legislative body, and has degenerated into a mere Presidential rubber stamp. But the Senate, despite Democratic losses in the last election, remains almost evenly balanced—thanks to the courage and independence of the Western Progressives—and in this balance resides the only surviving guaranty that important measures will undergo full and open discussion. President Hoover has failed to display great capacity as a leader. I am reluctant to criticize him; he is so far superior to his predecessor in almost every way that one is inevitably tempted to give thanks for his virtues and forget his faults. But the honest chronicler must be concerned with absolute —not comparative—facts, and the fact about Mr. Hoover's relations with Congress thus far is that he has exhibited two conspicuous traits: that he will not fight unless he is sure of victory; and that he will not do directly what he believes he can do deviously. This Oriental habit of mind has already got him into trouble, and will surely get him into more unless he abandons it.

In surveying the work of the session, we should bear in mind the purposes for which it was summoned. Mainly, these were to relieve the farmers and to perform limited revisions in the tariff. The farm bill which was passed is almost universally regarded as a makeshift. To achieve the smallest measure of success it must have the fullest cooperation of the farm organizations, and for the most part they have manifested nothing but skepticism and hostility. Leaders in some of the largest have gone so far as to express a conviction that the bill was designed by their enemies for the purpose of destroying them. In appointing the eight members who will compose the Farm Board (with the Secretary of Agriculture as a member ex-officio), the President will have an opportunity to restore some of the confidence which is essential. The board ultimately will have half a billion dollars at its disposal, and if Mr. Hoover appoints men who have the confidence of the farm organizations some good may be accomplished in the direction of more systematic marketing. If he relies upon the advice of such confidantes as

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Julius Barnes in making his choices, the program will virtually be foredoomed from the start. Should it accomplish the utmost that is hoped from it, it will do no more than partially ameliorate the ills from which agriculture suffers by reason of the consistent and brazen pampering of industry at agriculture's expense. Responsibility for the bill rests solely upon Mr. Hoover; he got what he wanted.

He has been conspicuously less successful in getting what he asked in connection with the tariff. The revision, as carried out by the Ways and Means Committee of the House, was limited by nothing more immediate and compelling than the blue sky and the conscience of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association. If finally enacted in its present form the bill would add to the annual living costs of the American people a sum estimated at from $600,000,000 to $800,000,000. Nor is there any assurance that it will be altered in the direction of sanity and decency by the Senate Finance Committee, which has undertaken the job of rewriting it during the recess. Chairman Smoot, with a degree of cheek possible only to a man of God, and possible to him only when engaged on the Lord's business, blandly designated himself to head the subcommittee which will write the sugar schedules in which the Mormon church is so deeply interested, and then proceeded to demonstrate his obliviousness to evil tongues by naming Dave Reed, of Pennsylvania, as head of the subcommittee which will write the steel schedules. Other subcommittee appointments showed an equally nice feeling for the proprieties. Whether the Senate will undo the mischief when the bill is reported is doubtful. Cunning—if not intelligent—selfishness, has guided the hand of the Republican leaders, and they have arranged to hand out certain plums that will be sufficient to purchase the votes of a number of Democrats.

Will Mr. Hoover veto a bill which so contemptuously flouts his request for limited revision? I doubt it. He will veto it, I think, only if the Senate succeeds in inducing the House to write the export debenture plan into it. There are some who believe that he would like to see the plan incorporated in the bill, as affording him a perfect reason for vetoing it. But in view of the vote on debenture in the House, that seems impossible. My belief is that the bill in its final form will be practically as bad as it was when it came from the House—and that Mr. Hoover will sign it.

The passage of the double-barreled census and reapportionment bill, largely through the persistent and indefatigable labors of Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, marked the end of a nine-year period of nullification by the House of the Constitutional provision for a reapportionment of seats in the House of Representatives every ten years. This mean-spirited display on the part of members who feared for the loss of their seats through reapportionment, was relieved by one bright spot—the earnest and persistent advocacy of the measure by Representative John J. Cochran of Missouri, to whom it means certain retirement. An important result of the reapportionment, which will be based on the 1930 census, will be to increase the representation from the cities at the expense of the rural districts. For this reason it was fought by some of the Dry elements, who anticipate, probably correctly, a decrease in the size of the Dry majority in the House. However, it will not be reduced sufficiently to make any difference in the votes on prohibition measures. Efforts of Senator Wagner of New York to forestall an orgy of pie-grabbing by placing under Civil Service the 100,000 census enumerators who will be employed, were defeated. The sad example of Mrs. Knapp was lost on her Republican brethren at Washington—who have become habitually skeptical of all examples issuing from Albany.

President Hoover's earnest entreaty that the national origins act, as a basis for fixing immigration quotas, be repealed, was rejected by a Senate combination consisting of the stalwarts of his own party, led by Reed of Pennsylvania, and a group of Southern Democrats, who are just naturally agin' furriners. The act, which Hoover of his own experience has pronounced unworkable, thus goes into effect immediately, if any way of making it effective can be discovered.

Senator Norris's hoary resolution for the submission of a Constitutional amendment to abolish "lame-duck" sessions was adopted by the Senate for the fifth time. Its principal opponents this time were Blease of South Carolina, who argued for the preservation of the Constitution "just like she was written," and Bingham of Connecticut, who said virtually the same thing in slightly more cultured accents. As a result of the Rules Committee's idiotic and ignominious attempt to punish the United Press for publishing a secret roll call, an amendment was adopted providing for open executive sessions *on a majority vote, to be taken secretly*. It was a spurious and insincere gesture at abandoning a discredited practice.

In the Driftway

AN American insurance company has announced a new policy by which it will pay owners of houses and other property for damages caused by falling or alighting airplanes. The newspaper announcement refers to the new policy as "protection." What is meant, of course, is not "protection" but compensation, which is by no means the same thing but often the best substitute which a not-quite-perfect world affords. The appearance of this new kind of insurance is said to have been precipitated directly by a recent accident in New Jersey, when a plane hit the roof of the summer home of the Governor of the State and came gracefully to rest in one of the rooms below, where the occupants of the flying machine disembarked unhurt. The house was less lucky, for existing architectural styles in New Jersey provide no ingress for airplanes through the roof without considerable damage. Eventually, as in the case of automobiles, insurance for damages will probably have to be assumed by the airplanes rather than by the owners of the property which they injure, but that is a detail. Of more consequence is the fact that on the same day on which the press published an announcement of regular insurance for damages by airplanes young Mr. Lindbergh returned from his honeymoon and began some tests of "foolproof" airplanes for the Guggenheim Foundation. A "foolproof" plane was necessary, he said, before airplanes would be adopted for personal use in large numbers, just as a similar sort of automobile had to be devised before the polloi got behind the steering wheel.

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WITH the advent of a "foolproof" airplane the rain of hardware from the sky which has long been humorously forecast will become a reality. Farmers in the vicinity of air fields have for some years been the recipients of unexpected visits from aviators—dead or alive. It has been a nice question how mad a farmer should get when an airplane canters across a quarter of a mile of young oats in dropping down for an informal call. Generally the farmer regards the occurrence as an adventure and invites the survivors—if any—into the house for a glass of applejack. But with repetition this hospitable spirit is bound to lessen. The first transatlantic airplane stowaway may be forgiven, but the second is likely to get a kick where it will do the most good. So with the farmer's unexpected guests by airplane. As for how mad he should get over his lost oats, the Drifter predicts that he is going to get madder and madder. The pioneer aviators may be received with applejack, but later comers are more likely to be welcomed with bootjack. An afternoon call from a pretty flapper who sets out to visit her manicurist and lands instead in some tomato patch may be amusing, but when college boys, after a round of their favorite speakeasies, begin an aerial joyride and crash the barnyard gate at 4 a. m. in the midst of milking, even the most air-minded agriculturist is likely to seek farm relief with a handy pitchfork instead of through an orderly ballot for the Republican Party.

* * * * *

BUT the farmer's wrath will do no good. Let him remember the automobile which preceded the airplane—how it scared his horses and spoiled his roads and eventually made him pay for roads which wouldn't spoil so easily. There is no protection from the airplane. Compensation, through insurance, is the best that a not-quite-perfect world affords. The only recourse is to take the cash and let the airplane go. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a subscriber and supporter of *The Nation* for many years I am writing to protest against what seems to me its narrow, intolerant, and essentially dishonest attitude toward the prohibition law and its enforcement. I have no objection at all to your open disapproval of the law or to advocacy of its repeal; but I do emphatically object to the constant attitude of sneering at those who believe in it, of playing up any incidental evil in connection with its enforcement, of innuendo and exaggeration whenever it seems possible to discredit it. You ignore the fact that the law was fairly and constitutionally passed, that it apparently has the support of a large majority of our people, that Congress which presumably represents the desires of its constituents is increasingly Dry, and that the whole influence of the scornful attitude you take is to encourage lawlessness and to put the stamp of your approval on the criminal bootleggers and their patrons.

For instance you sneer at the British Ambassador for falling in line with the law of the country to which he is accredited, and suggest that in so doing he is "meddling in a domestic question." You speak of the prohibition agents as "shooting and killing with cold-blooded abandon," with no reference to the fact that they are dealing with armed desperadoes engaged in criminal violation of law. I have not noticed that you refer to the fact that the Illinois killing was apparently in self-defense according to the testimony of the woman victim's own son, nor that Secretary Lowman has absolved from blame the agent who killed Virkula in Minnesota. Should we repeal the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments because they are violated? Or the First because free speech is suppressed? Do you actually think it proper for citizens to violate laws of which they disapprove? In every case or, if not, in what cases?

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, June 18 JESSE H. HOLMES

[A reply to this letter is published in the editorial pages of this issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

From a Catholic Churchman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is Mr. Robert Dell, whose article, The Papal-Fascist Alliance, appears in your issue of March 27, a man of the breadth and poise fitting him to deal with great international and historical questions such as the one here under discussion? To me his attitude smacks rather of Senator Heflin and the *Fellowship Forum* than of a student of history and international problems. He takes his place among the bigots of the recent Presidential campaign, with whom he declares himself in agreement that a Catholic should be denied high political office because of his religion. To rule out 20,000,000 American citizens from the rights granted them by the American Constitution is not intolerance in the eyes of Mr. Dell. His silly bugaboo about the Catholic church attempting to capture the diplomatic service of England, and his flimsy arguments to prove it, are almost on a level with Senator Heflin's charges that the Pope is preparing to descend upon Washington. I am not surprised at these silly charges in Heflin and the *Fellowship Forum,* but I am surprised to find them in the supposedly studied articles of *The Nation's* foreign correspondent in Paris.

As to the charge of the church being always and hopelessly reactionary, that is a matter that must be settled first by an understanding of the terms and secondly by a careful investigation of the facts. Might I ask Mr. Dell: Does a treaty and concordat with any Power mean an alliance with that Power; or does it follow that the Pope by such treaty and concordat approves of all the policies of the party in power, all the more when these negotiations were entered into in 1919 before Fascism came into the ascendancy? I also challenge Mr. Dell to show me in any country controlled by a Catholic majority such intolerance and denial of personal liberty as we see today in Russia and in Mexico, governments which he no doubt considers products of modern civilization. I invite him further to investigate conditions in the Irish Free State and then in Ulster, and see in which of the two states the minorities are allowed the greater freedom to exercise their liberties. And I challenge him to point out a case in any Catholic country of our day, such as Ireland, Belgium, Spain, Austria, or Italy, an instance of a Catholic majority denying a man high political office because of his religious belief.

I would respectfully recommend *The Nation* to supply Mr. Dell with a hood and gown, let him set up his flaming cross in Montmartre, and thence start his crusade for modern civilization as opposed to the threatening tyranny of reactionary Rome.

San Jose, California, April 8 JOHN MCGARR

[The reply of Mr. Dell to this and other letters of protest from Catholic readers is printed in the International Relations Section of this issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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Jews in Russia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Jessica Smith's summary of Yarmolinsky's book "The Jews and Other Minor Nationalities Under the Soviets," which appears in *The Nation* of June 19, gives the impression that the Jews are granted cultural and economic freedom under the Soviets. It states that "out of the richness of their ancient culture and their new freedom a vital literary movement is developing." The facts are quite otherwise. Hebrew, which is the language of their ancient culture, which is the vehicle for all of its literature, and which has now been revived as a spoken language in Palestine, cannot be taught legally in Russia. The Zionists who are the proponents of the ancient culture have been classified as anti-revolutionary and have been exiled in large numbers to the waste places of Siberia, there to die a slow death from starvation and disease. Those who have recently been released are the few who have been forced by their miserable lot to surrender their nationalist aspirations.

The unspeakable degradation of the vast masses of the Jews in Russia today, their position as pariahs under the new economic order, may be explained, and I suppose excused, as an incidental tragedy occasioned by the great economic experiment. The persecution of their religion, the confiscation of their synagogues, the jibes and propaganda to which they are exposed, today more effective than their counterpart in the Middle Ages, can be explained I suppose by the general Soviet anti-religious policy. But the persecution of the Zionists, who are mainly pure Jewish nationalists, and the proscription of Hebrew are clearly not in accordance with the treatment meted out to other national minorities. The only hope for amelioration consists in the avowed disapproval of liberal public opinion.

Chicago, June 17 Max Kadushin

Codeine and Morphine

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an article entitled Drug Limitation in the United States in *The Nation* for May 1, Miss La Motte makes much over the fact that codeine was omitted from the United States Treasury report on drug consumption. She says, "the per capita consumption is based upon the three tons of morphine, with the *four tons of codeine left out*—a trick so raw and crude that it is only exceeded by the stupidity in calling 'particular attention' to it"; and goes on to calculate the opium consumption, complacently assuming that the amounts of morphine and codeine may be used additively for this purpose. For two reasons the calculation cannot be made in this way: (1) Codeine occurs with morphine in opium and is isolated at the same time from the same material as is the morphine; (2) further quantities of codeine are manufactured from morphine, and it seems likely to me, although I do not know it to be the case, that part, at least, of the morphine reported as "domestic sales" is later converted to codeine.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, April 26 G. H. Hitchings

Applause

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to applaud enthusiastically all parties to the publication in *The Nation* of June 12 of the article about Mr. Gest and his Passion Play—the author, for a straightforward bit of honest reporting and his convincing revelation of a public fraud; the publishers, for their courage in printing a story which necessarily reflected upon the New York press in its gullibility or in its lack of discrimination in accepting theatrical advertisements; and both, for their mutual interest and concern in closing a theatrical spectacle which is considered by most people to be at best a vulgarization of a sacred chapter in religious history.

New York, June 17 M. Murray Weisman

Roosevelt and Davis

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your remarks on young Mr. Roosevelt and the governorship of Porto Rico deserve several rounds of hearty applause. The dynastic rights of the family to office must be respected, no matter at what expense to public administration in Porto Rico. Sending Roosevelt to Porto Rico is no worse, however, than utilizing the Philippines as a snug harbor for superannuated tennis champions, with bank rolls and an itch for social expansiveness. The spirit in which the Philippines were endowed with a new Governor-General is indicated in the news announcement of the Davis appointment by the *World's* Washington correspondent, who unquestionably was touching on facts when he said that Davis, after plugging hard but vainly for a cabinet position or a high ambassadorship, finally had "decided to take what he can get, to remain in public life." You might add to your dossier of Roosevelt's record as a statesman a brief note of the manner in which, under petroleum persuasion, he nearly blundered us into a real war with Mexico in July, 1921. The story of that little affair constitutes an exceedingly interesting and comparatively unknown chapter of our relations with Mexico.

New York, June 5 R. N. M.

The Nation *radio hour will continue through the summer months on Station WMCA of New York every Monday at 8:30 p. m.* Nation *readers may hear lively discussions of current topics by the editors by turning their radio dials to 526.*

Contributors to This Issue

Charles E. Payne is professor of history at Grinnell College.

Carleton Beals, who contributed a series of articles—With Sandino in Nicaragua—to *The Nation,* has just left Spain.

Paul Y. Anderson is national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Evelyn Scott's latest novel, "The Wave," is the Literary Guild's book for July.

Joseph Wood Krutch is the dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

George E. G. Catlin is a member of the boards of directors and of editors of the *Realist.*

Dorothy Brewster is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

Claude G. Bowers is the author of "Jefferson and Hamilton."

C. Hartley Grattan is the author of "Bitter Bierce."

Richard McKeon is in the department of philosophy of Columbia University.

Eda Lou Walton is the author of "A City Day."

Robert Dell is *The Nation's* correspondent in France.

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Books

Cat

By EVELYN SCOTT

Cat,
Petulantly,
Like a sleek volcano,
Tosses that stiff morsel of inertia—
Mouse.
Cat,
Choking with an arrogance magnificent,
Is dowagerlike.

The demure mouse,
Modestly stunned,
Beyond display of suffering,
Yet must rouse
To meet his obligations,
Scramble to escape.

Alas!
In the cradle of torture,
The little weepless one,
May lie asleep once more.
Cat,
Like a foretold doom-at-midnight,
Delights,
Innocently.
Mouse,
Not caring to be shriven,
Dies.

The Novel and the Tale

No Love. By David Garnett. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

NOT every tale worth the telling needs all the complicated machinery of the modern novel, and yet there are few writers today who know how to dispense with any of it. Hence nearly every story, short or long, is set forth with all the paraphernalia devised during the past two hundred years for achieving social background, realistic setting, psychological analysis, and dramatic immediacy. We seem, for example, to have forgot that the genealogy of the hero is not necessary except for certain particular purposes, and that his motives do not have to be analyzed unless they cannot be guessed. We have acquired the habit of assuming that a short history of the Industrial Revolution, a sketch of the Victorian Age, or an account of the Settlement of the Middle West is indispensable for the understanding of any story, and we do not, in short, know how to take anything for granted. The result is that almost the only contemporary works of fiction which achieve an artistic success are those on some grand scale like that of "The Magic Mountain" or "Memory of Things Past" because anything less than they is nearly certain to be lost in over-explicit irrelevancies.

David Garnett's "Lady Into Fox" created something of a sensation, not merely because of its intriguing fable, but because its author seemed to have discovered a refreshingly simple method of story-telling. He took a tale which could not be told in the conventional manner, and in order to tell it at all he had to invent a method which reminded many of the eighteenth-century *conte* simply because it adopted that particular sort of verbal shorthand which is called wit. Instead of explaining, as though for the benefit of some man from Mars, all that every reader of contemporary fiction already knows about post-war society or the effect of a puritanical upbringing on a sensitive child, he began at the real beginning. He assumed between himself and his reader a common understanding of the world and he merely *alluded* in crisp sentences to events, and moods, and motives when no more than an allusion was necessary. His characters did not leave the page and live as the characters of some of the great novels do, but he established between himself and the reader that sense of intimate contact with the skilful teller of something quite frankly a story which is, in its own way, quite as delightful as any purely dramatic effect can be.

Now it was obvious that "Lady Into Fox" was a *tour de force*. One did not expect Mr. Garnett to go on writing stories of exactly the same sort. But what one did at least hope was that he would manage to reinvent the tale, to write books different from the standard model of the modern novel in the apparent simplicity of their manner. Unfortunately, however, though "No Love" begins with an assurance and a brevity which promise well, this latest book shows its author moving quite definitely in the direction of the conventional novel. When, for example, near the very beginning, he introduces a female freethinker who held that "but for the mistaken belief in God, mankind would already be living in a condition of almost unimaginable bliss and moral elevation" he is exactly in his own tradition, for he is there assuming that his reader will understand, without further elaboration, exactly what he means to convey by that ironic phrase. And there are other touches of the same sort, particularly in the first few pages. But as the story develops it slides almost imperceptibly into another manner and becomes, before it is finished, all but indistinguishable from countless others.

Somehow the author seems to lose his grip upon his own style and to fill out with the stereotypes of his fellows. The tale wanders on from generation to generation. There are the boyhood adventures, the adolescent trials, and the war-time experiences which have become almost the *sine qua non* of current fiction. One wonders where the author is going, and so little indispensable do many of the incidents seem that for a long time one is not sure whom the story is about or to what kind of conclusion it is leading. The machinery of biography and of social history merely blurs its outline without contributing anything to its purpose, and one gets, in the end, not the perfectly proportioned tale one had expected but instead a rather wandering narrative which might be taken to illustrate that feebleness of structure which is likely to be produced by a perfunctory use of the machinery of the novel.

It seems to me obvious that there exists today a considerable body of readers who can meet upon a common ground of knowledge and feeling sufficiently well defined to serve the purpose of the teller of tales as distinguished from the novelist. We may have no tradition as compact as that of the eighteenth century, but from the turmoil of the past twenty-five years has gradually emerged a particular variety of ironic sensitivity whose existence can be taken for granted and in the mood of which the writer can write with a reasonable assurance that he will be comprehended. No more is necessary to furnish the cultural homogeneity necessary to make the tale possible, and if it is distressing to see Mr. Garnett attempting to write novels it is only because he seemed a man who might possibly take advantage of the new opportunity.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Scholar and Political Interpreter

America and Europe and Other Essays. By Alfred Zimmern. Oxford University Press. $3.

THIS is a series of essays, all of them good and some of them as excellent as was Professor Zimmern's "Learning and Leadership," one of the most inspiring books of recent years. In the title essay on America and Europe we see Professor Zimmern's mind at its best, a mind preternaturally alive to those subtleties, sometimes entirely determinant of the nuances of the psychological relationship between nations, which escape clumsier souls, a mind which moves to its solutions with the elegance and beauty of the play of chess champions.

Mr. Zimmern is the only European with whom the reviewer is acquainted who can be said to have a comprehension of the significance of American culture in the way in which, for example, the Beards and Waldo Frank have it. In too many cases we have simply "the literary gambols of over-smart Europeans"; even where we have more serious studies they are disfigured by misinterpretation, as is M. Siegfried's monumental book by his overemphasis upon the influence of Puritanism. The ordinary European, who essentially regards culture as an act of introversion culminating in self-cultivation and the formation of such groups as "The Souls" in England, the "beautiful-souled" cult of Novalis in Germany, and in similar manifestations, is almost incapable of comprehending that an extroverted culture can be culture at all. Happily and with pardonable left-handedness Mr. Zimmern compares our modern pontiffs of culture with the Athenian philosophers who declined to listen to Paul—although the former have the less excuse in that they seek to ignore a nation with a history of pragmatic accomplishment instead of an individual with (to the unbeliever) a history of epileptic vision. But pragmatic accomplishment is to precious spirits itself an offense. Mr. Zimmern, with his reflective temperament and his passion for history, is thoroughly a European, but his wisdom is such that he can give that cardinal advice, which should be handed out with their passports to all transatlantic travelers, to drop preconceived standards overboard and acquire "the faculty for reeducation."

It is not practicable to comment on even a tithe of Professor Zimmern's wise sayings, as, for example, that we must "depoliticize nationality and deemotionalize politics" or that "politics cannot be studied sincerely and truthfully from behind university Common Room curtains." It is, however, impossible for the reviewer to pass over the remarks of Professor Zimmern, who at one time occupied with distinction a teaching position at Cornell, upon American education. At a time when many leaders of American education are seriously talking about distinguishing between those who seriously want a scholarly education and those who do not, it is comforting to read:

> It is one of the glories of the American university that it is not yet the home of a leisured class; and the fact that . . . the overwhelming proportion of the students support themselves by their own labors during the summer, instead of climbing in Switzerland or shooting grouse on their father's moors, is of distinct intellectual advantage. The American student has a fund of living experience.

There is much indeed to be said for "the love of the little platoon" and for the introduction into such a university as Harvard of the Oxford system of colleges. But it is well to bear in mind that the next great step to be taken in English education is the utilizing of American experience; the stress upon the importance of education as an element, not of the accomplishment of a learned clerkly caste, but of citizenship; the breaking down of the distinction between a "university man" and an ordinary business man or citizen; and the return to the old Scottish system whereby a man could work his way through the university. The best teaching which Oxford has to offer is that the essence of college life is "discussion," not Ph.D. theses; when a man has taken his Baccalaureate he is expected to get out into public life, and for that (not schoolmastering) he is trained. The glory of American education, despite its inevitable academic embarrassments, is that it has a yet broader conception of public life. It would be an impertinence to ask whether the American Constitution and the historic American tradition are good things; but, assuredly, for good or evil, they rest (pace the planters and dominie Adams) on social—not political—democracy; and the social democracy rests on the public school and the open university. It says much for the catholic spirit and the wisdom of Mr. Zimmern, sometime Fellow of the College of Our Lady of Winchester in Oxford, that he recognizes how great is that educational and political heritage; but then, Mr. Zimmern knows his Plato and does not endeavor to distinguish politics from education.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Wives of Great Men

The Diary of Dostoevsky's Wife. Translated from the German edition by Madge Pemberton. The Macmillan Company. $7.

The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife. 1860-1891. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth. Payson and Clarke. $3.50.

WHEN someone said to Mr. Dooley, "Geniuses are unhappy married," he retorted, "And so are their wives." These volumes furnish much support for Mr. Dooley's contention. In the first year of her marriage Countess Tolstoy writes: "I feel abandoned during the day, in the evening, at night—all the time. I am a source of satisfaction to him, a nurse, a piece of furniture, a *woman*—nothing more. . . . He was so gloomy that I nearly wept. He won't speak to me. It is terrible to live with him. What if he once again suddenly develops an affection for his People, and begins to love me no more than his school, nature, the People, or his literature. . . . The physical side of love matters a great deal to him. That's dreadful, for it is exactly the other way around with me." Nearly thirty years after, she suffered from the fear of again becoming pregnant, "for everybody will hear of this disgrace and gleefully repeat the recent Moscow joke—'Voilà le véritable postscriptum de la Sonate de Kreutzer!' " The later entries are crowded with details of all the business matters that were left for her to decide and ignored by husband and children except when she made what they considered a mistake: "It is always I who have to decide everything. I get terrified and want to weep; I feel as though I had been caught in a trap and the task of running this *Christian* household is still the greatest curse that God has sent me."

Almost equally convincing extracts can be picked out of Mme Dostoevsky's record of the months spent in Dresden and Baden-Baden soon after her marriage, when Dostoevsky's gambling fever was at its height. "He seems to think it of little consequence the way it must hurt me when my frocks have to be pawned and my coat and other things. . . . It doesn't seem to strike him that he ought to try to insure a quiet life for his wife that she should not have to tremble perpetually at the thought of where the next meal is to come from." Yet after reading four hundred pages about these five months, one is amazed at the infrequency of Mme Dostoevsky's unhappy moods. Here was her husband suffering

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frequent epileptic attacks. He was embarrassingly petulant and quarrelsome in public—if someone pushed him at the crowded roulette table, or a clerk at the Russian embassy had a supercilious air, or an attendant told him it wasn't permitted to stand on a chair to look at the Sistine Madonna. He gambled away all the money they had, all his publishers advanced, all her family could send them, all he could obtain by pawning their clothes, her keepsakes, even their wedding rings. Though she was expecting her first child, he left her alone day after day in a strange city, to await his periodic returns from the Rooms with pleas for another ten gulden from the store set aside for food and rent. Yet outbursts like those quoted above are rare. Usually she could turn their quarrels into a joke. Usually, no matter what the day had held, he would come to her room at two or three in the morning to kiss her good-night and tell her how dear she was, and they would talk happily.

This girl of twenty-one learned rapidly how to deal with her neurotic husband of forty-six, and she displays a simple, clear intelligence about it, with none of the self-torment of Countess Tolstoy. Recognizing that she had to evade and to lie sometimes to keep her beloved Fyodor from becoming overexcited, she remarks, "I hate it, but what can I do?" and thereupon dismisses the matter. We can see in the diary the beginning of the process of adjustment that ended by her achieving a competent ordering of their life together. "There is no doubt that Fyodor needs protecting, not only from others but from himself." She is learning how to protect Fyodor while letting Fyodor think he is protecting her. The diary is a delightfully naive document. Even the keeping of it implies no special self-consciousness or introspective habit, for it was for her mother that she recorded all the petty details of life abroad. One may conclude that Dostoevsky was in many ways a dreadful person and that to be his wife would have been an appalling experience; but one has to admit that it wasn't such for Anna, and that Dostoevsky was for once lucky when in the gamble of life he won her love.

The sense of deep disharmony in the Tolstoy marriage remains even after allowance is made for the fact that the countess used her diary to work off a bad mood: "I always write in my diary when we quarrel. . . . When I don't write in my diary for a long time I always feel sorry that I have not said anything about how happy I have been in the interval." The marital drama overshadows in interest the valuable notes recording her husband's artistic activities—his ideas for new works, his progress with "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." Yet these entries suggest the understanding and sympathy on which Tolstoy must have confidently relied. One is more impressed with the indications of the masochist and the sadist in her temperament; with her intense pride of person and of class, her possessiveness and her desire for power. She is aware of these things and only partly rationalizes them. She never recovered from the shock of reading those diaries of his youth that Tolstoy gave her before their marriage. She had as intense a desire for purity in her bridegroom as any sensualist has for virginity in his bride; and as torturing a retrospective jealousy of those who had previously possessed her husband. "If only I could burn his diary and his whole past!" His youth could never be her property. "If I could kill him and then make another man exactly like him I should do it joyfully." Twenty-eight years after the marriage she writes, "I copy his diaries with the zest of a drunkard and my drunkenness consists in working myself up into a state of jealousy over the women he describes." She resented "The Kreutzer Sonata," yet it was through her influence that the ban upon it was removed. She lacked the happy conviction of Mme Dostoevsky that the perversities in her husband's novels had nothing to do with him: "There is such an obvious thread connecting the early diaries with 'The Kreutzer Sonata,' and a buzzing fly is struggling in the web—and the spider has sucked its blood"—a darkly suggestive image. "He cried out aloud today that his most passionate desire was to get away from his family." And so the curtain is rung up on the last act of the drama that had still twenty years more to play itself out.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

The Crucifixion of Johnson

Andrew Johnson: A Study in Courage. By Lloyd Paul Stryker. The Macmillan Company. $6.

IT has always been inevitable that with the passing of time and the cooling of passions, and with the writing of history by men not personally touched with the utter madness of the period of Reconstruction, justice would be done the courage, patriotism, and wisdom of Andrew Johnson. Just now, as never before, he is becoming a favorite topic of the biographers. With the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the power of the President over appointments in the executive department of government he has again been vindicated. It would be an easy matter to prove that he fought the most valiant battle for constitutional liberty in America of any of the Presidents; none has been so frequently vindicated by the Supreme Court.

Quite recently Judge Winston gave us a well-rounded biographical study covering the entire period of Johnson's life in some detail, and now Lloyd Paul Stryker offers another biography which differs in that it is confined very largely to the eight years beginning with the Civil War and ending with his retirement from the Presidency. The Winston biography has an advantage in that it paints in the background of a remarkable career, is more closely knit, more concentrated, and moves more smoothly and consecutively. It is more judicial in its estimates of men as well.

Even so, the Stryker book is intensely interesting and valuable. Even where it may treat a phase disproportionately—it gives 164 pages to the impeachment trial alone—it serves a purpose. A condensation and a moderation of the characteristics of Johnson's enemies, with the elimination of some matter not necessary to the illumination of the subject of the book, would have made it better; but it is good. It is easy to understand the fervor and indignation with which the author wrote. It is difficult to know the facts pertaining to the crucifixion of Johnson and restrain one's contempt for his enemies. The fact that these enemies have, in so many instances, been painted large and bright in history, while Johnson has been maligned, contributes to a just man's sense of outrage. It is intolerable that men notoriously dishonest, in every way, should have their monuments while their victim, an honest man, is pilloried in so many histories as a contemptible character. Mr. Stryker, in possession of the facts, has treated them and the enemies of Johnson as though he were prosecuting attorney presenting the case to a jury. Some of the men who fall foul of the author's reproaches deserve them fully; some were a mixture of good and bad, and the failure of the writer to discriminate as to shades may weaken the effect of an otherwise just condemnation. Perhaps a vivid presentation of the bare ugly facts without comment would have been more effective.

Neither Mr. Stryker nor Mr. Winston has given sufficient attention to the purely party motive behind the persecution of Johnson. Stevens and Morton frankly avowed it in House and Senate. Nor have the biographers considered the influence of Johnson's hostility to corruption and favoritism in government in arraying the powerful elements against him. The corruptionists and monopolists of his day hated him because he threatened their graft. It was something more than his policy

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of conciliation toward the South that invited the enmity of Jay Cooke, who had many axes to grind on the labor of the people. It is not a far-fetched conclusion that Johnson's ardent devotion to democracy and his warnings against the perils of unscrupulous organizations of wealth had more to do with the distrust of potent factors in the North than his militant attempt to carry out the reconstruction policies of Lincoln.

To the preparation of his book, which has the appearance of a labor of love, Mr. Stryker has given great pains in the matter of research. He has followed the public records, and the book is bomb-proof as to major points in its citations of authority. The publishers have given it an attractive dress and it is richer in illustrations than Winston's. It is well worth while and completely vindicates Johnson against the charges long discredited by close students of the times. It belongs by right in the library of every student of the dreadful four years that followed the death of Lincoln. It pays a deserved and too long delayed tribute to one of the greatest and most slandered of all the Presidents.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

The Penalty of Being Right

American Estimates. By Henry Seidel Canby. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IT is not for the information of the readers of this review that I mention that Dr. Canby is editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and editor-in-chief of the Book-of-the-Month Club. No doubt they know who he is as well as I do. It is rather to underline the fact that he is, in no small way, a director of literary opinion; he is a man of influence. Naturally then his opinions have an interest beyond those of men who merely contribute to journals and write books.

"American Estimates" is not a very interesting book. It is repetitive—points are made over and over again; it is lacking in emotional force; and it is not distinguished by any extraordinary intellectual acuity. It is distinguished rather by an unusual command over the data of modern literature and the clarity of the writing. Dr. Canby suffers by being presented *in extenso.* He is better in small doses. Two hundred and eighty-seven pages of his prose leaves one with the feeling of exhaustion. One wonders if what he has said really matters after all. But it does, for he tells us in this book exactly where he stands.

Dr. Canby is a middle-of-the-road man. He is intelligent, well-informed, firm in his desire to know the past as well as the present, and deeply concerned that something be made (in an intellectual sense) out of modern life. He wants more than analysis, more than disdain and disgust. He wants values. His acquaintance with modern life prevents him from accepting the fallacious doctrine that values can be found in the past and drafted for service in the present. Acceptance of modern life is part of his program, and if he seems to be prone to excuse and justify facts more severe and exacting minds would excoriate it is because he finds them to be normal expressions of trends that cannot be exorcized by words and because he has an optimistic belief in the triumph of what is good. This last trait of mind, as much as anything that will be said here, marks him as an old-fashioned man. In seeking to comprehend the present he embraces science with a vague discomfort. He feels that science is in the van and literature trails behind. Science, indeed, is so far in advance that the mulling over of its facts is next door to impossible, which impedes the construction of the very values he feels are so urgently needed. Yet without a recognition of the place of science in modern life he knows that one cannot hope to comprehend modern literature. Having posed this dilemma he is done and devotes his talents to understanding trends. He recognizes the necessity but does not go on to offer a solution of the major perplexity of modern intellectuals. In other words, he feels, like so many others, that understanding is not enough, but he cannot, like T. S. Eliot, embrace Anglo-Catholicism and monarchy, or, like Waldo Frank, a mystical doctrine of the Whole. Perhaps his neutrality is the better part of editorial wisdom.

Yet even as one who stands on the sidelines and seeks comprehension he fails to be interesting. Something there is in him that prevents his thinking from being at all stirring. He is so everlastingly right that he is dull. I don't mean that there is nothing in his book to which one can object, but that objection to anything Dr. Canby has to say is pointless. Standing in the middle of the road and "understanding" everything that passes his way, he has eliminated all angularities from his mind, destroyed every jagged edge, until he is as smooth and well-rounded as a billiard ball. He writes of Emerson, Thoreau, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, nature, Mencken, Christopher Morley, criticism, how to write, and various editorial minutiae with equal urbanity and tolerance. But one reads without the slightest desire to say a word for or against any opinion he may announce.

Apparently that is his ideal, for he says of Mark Twain: "What he lost in vehemence he made up in wisdom." Wisdom, then, to Dr. Canby's mind, is understanding, tolerance, and aspiration to some sort of good life controlled and made meaningful by values constructed out of modern materials. Surely an admirable ideal. But it seems to me that it is better for the intellectual health of all concerned to be a little vehement and just a wee bit wrong than to be so awfully right and so dull.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

The "Subtle Doctor"

Duns Scotus. By C. R. S. Harris. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. $15.

FOR the past few decades in France and Germany there has been appearing a steady succession of scholarly studies of aspects of the work and thought of Duns Scotus. No single book that could be considered definitive has yet emerged from the discussions and controversies in those languages. English scholars had remained almost entirely aloof from these preliminary learned maneuvers, but now an Oxonian has appeared to make estimation of the Subtle Doctor, whose shade is still invoked for even the casual visitor to Merton College Library. Dr. Harris, moreover, undertakes more than the exposition in full of the thought of Duns Scotus; he has in addition a dogmatic point to make—that in Scotus rather than in Thomas Aquinas scholastic philosophy reaches the highest point of its development, that Scotus shows a wider range of thought, a greater degree of consistency, and above all, a far deeper appreciation of the philosophical needs of Catholic Christianity than his more famous rival.

Caution had doubtless deterred the half dozen continental scholars who have written learnedly and wisely on Duns Scotus from venturing beyond restricted phases of his philosophy. For there is no critical edition of his works, and the authenticity of all save five of his writings has at some time or other been called into question. Dr. Harris stepped into this controversial situation somewhat incautiously, and the dangers of his bravado must have been evident to him before the publication of his book; both volumes are marked with notes placed at the end of chapters and appendices added to volumes, such as are needed for afterthoughts that occur when the text of a book has already been set up. The "Grammatica Speculativa" is accepted as authentic in the text, and admitted as

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spurious in a note, but with no more serious consequence than that the probable influence of Bacon on Scotus, concerning which Dr. Harris speculates, is left without documentary basis. More serious, however, are the notes in which the objections to the authenticity of the "De rerum principio" are considered: Dr. Harris's interpretation rests on it perhaps more than on any other single work, and his contention that Scotus is superior to Thomas depends entirely on its acceptance—unfortunately the tendency of modern scholarship is to assign it to a period somewhat earlier than Scotus, and (according to a study published since the appearance of this book) at least in part to Cardinal Vitalis a Furno.

The controversy may be reduced to a simple non-scholarly statement. The "De rerum principio" is a very Augustinian work; the mature work of Duns Scotus is a very subtle critical continuation of scholastic philosophy matured (along lines that lead back to Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas) by a fine insight into Aristotelian principles. If the two can be read together as the work of a single man, there will be discovered a philosophy which on the one hand opposes to Thomas the traditional Augustinian theses, and at the same time shows a full awareness of the implications of Thomism and even extends further the rationalist analysis of Thomas. The writer of this philosophy is superior therefore to Thomas, since he is at once more orthodox and broader; but if the "De rerum principio" is spurious, the proposition is the simple and erroneous one, that two men are better than one, and that two opinions are preferable to a single one. Of course, there are frequent contradictions, but Dr. Harris regards them as evidence in each case of an earlier view—he loses sight of the consequence: if the "De rerum principio" expresses an earlier view, then wherever it contradicts a later view there is evidence of an evolution away from Augustinism.

Dr. Harris has several very definite convictions about scholastic philosophy—none of them is more significant than the recurrent judgment that the philosophy of Aristotle is incompatible with Christianity. Thomas (since Dr. Harris views his philosophy as an attempt to effect a reconciliation between the two) and Duns (in so far as he made a similar attempt) are doomed in that to failure. This Dr. Harris never questions, and it need not be questioned here. But it is regrettable that, although the entire first volume of Dr. Harris's work is devoted to the background of Duns's thought, no clear statement is attempted, before Thomism is condemned, of what Thomism is. It is Aristotelian; but it need not therefore be un-Augustinian. For when the Aristotelian works became current in Western Europe in the thirteenth century, they placed the Augustinian tradition in an awkward predicament: the Augustinian doctrine of divine illumination was sufficiently like the Averroistic doctrine of the active intellect to suggest that they were identical—but with disastrous consequences, among which would be a denial of personal immortality, a denial of all contribution on the part of the individual in the act of knowing, a denial of personal freedom and responsibility. Two courses were open—the traditionalists prohibited Aristotle, but since he represented the sum of scientific knowledge of the time, Thomas seems to have labored to show that the fundamental principles of Aristotelianism are not in disaccord with the fundamental principles of Augustinism. Dr. Harris has totally ignored this; indeed he gives little statement of the Thomist doctrine, except when Duns Scotus (or the author of the "De rerum principio") attacks it. But he reads as a work of Scotus, a work of the traditionalist school, the "De rerum principio," which is Augustinian and anti-Aristotelian; and with its aid he finds that the Aristotelian conception of God is un-Christian, that matter as a principle of individuation is absurd, particularly in that it endangers the immortality of the soul, and that Thomism is committed to an Aristotelian (?)

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doctrine of the eternity of the world. The suspicion may be suggested that, besides being unfortunate in questions of authenticity (that is a doom under which all medieval scholars walk), Dr. Harris has read a medieval controversy too naively and has taken his judgment of one of the protagonists from the estimation the other makes. And with that suspicion arises the further suspicion that Dr. Harris does this because he has some conviction concerning which side should be right.

RICHARD MCKEON

Dollar Poetry

Compass Rose. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. *Nearer the Bone.* By Charles A. Wagner. *Angel Arms.* By Kenneth Fearing. *Bands and Rebels.* By Keene Wallis. Coward-McCann. $1 each.

POETRY has always come high. A slim volume of fifty verses in decorative binding is priced, usually, at $2 or $2.50. The price may explain why poetry does not sell. Poets peddle their manuscripts from publisher to publisher and are told ungently that they might quite as well throw them into a convenient waste-paper basket and save shoe-leather. When because a poet is very tenacious or has very persistent friends a publishing house is prevailed upon to accept a volume, the firm takes pains to let the poet know himself the recipient of charity of no mean kind. And every year the several volumes appearing take shelf-room in respectable bookstores for a few weeks only and may be found thereafter, thumbed but still unsold at $1.50, in the several second-hand book markets along the side streets.

Coward-McCann is attempting a revolution. This enlightened publishing house would make poetry sell. To this end it has released the first four volumes of a series, "Songs of Today," neatly bound, well printed, on fair quality of paper. To this end, very probably, it has chosen readable poets. The series for 1929 includes Kenneth Fearing's "Angel Arms," Charles A. Wagner's "Nearer the Bone," Elizabeth Coatsworth's "Compass Rose," and Keene Wallis's "Bands and Rebels." If this group is successful we are promised from four to eight such volumes of verse annually. The idea is enormously welcome to poets and to readers of poetry.

The selection has been made, it seems, with a rather larger public in mind than that sought by the exclusive and expensive lyricists. Keene Wallis, Missourian, is a young writer of narrative in verse. His seven stories are dramatic, well motivated, and very human. His characters are young tramps escaping the city, and young clerks caught in city-monotony. One reads tale after tale rapidly. The medium of verse is never in the way; rhyme and rhythm come without hitch. The reader need never stop to examine an image more closely. The story is the thing.

Kenneth Fearing is a poet of the city who has no sentimental longings after meadow or barn. He has gone to school to both Sandburg and John Weaver. From the former he caught the trick of repetitive parallelism as basis for free-verse rhythm and from the latter, something of the "American" language. His lyrics and dramatic studies are of street characters. His desire is to indicate the intensity and poetry which these very dulled minds may be capable of. Although "none of their faces are cooked enough" (which is, I think, a perfect phrase), these characters are capable of their own worship of a flashing jazz beauty. They know their own yearnings and contemplate life and death as breakfast with coffee, and as no breakfast with coffee. The volume is alive and democratic in outlook.

Charles A. Wagner, enthusiastically introduced by John Erskine as capable of giving the reader "a poignant sense of having met reality" and as having published two books "among the most promising of our day," is likewise a city-bred artist. He, too, is much concerned with an automatic civilization where nickels transfer human beings and dish up to them their food. His work is uneven; he is not yet a good critic of his own writing. But he has much to say and is deeply in earnest.

"Compass Rose," by Elizabeth Coatsworth, the only woman in the group of four, offers the most mature writing in the series. Miss Coatsworth has published before and knows her method. But her book lacks the core of idea which each of the others has. It is merely a collection of lyrics about many lands and many episodes and many moods. It has no particularized attitude toward life. It is not, therefore, as vital as it might be. The most successful poems are, to me, those descriptive of the Southwest, its color, its ancient fixity of purpose, its desert-like bloom. She knows the land well, feels it sensitively and keenly. A much-traveled woman whose poems are a note-book of her adventures, she comes again and again to the dramatically colored section of America which Spaniards and Indians sought and settled.

EDA LOU WALTON

Biographies in Brief

The Life of H. R. H. the Duke of Flamborough. By Laurence Housman. Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

A rather ineffectual attempt to parody the intimate, debunking biography of our day. Sooner or later some one was certain to try his hand at this sort of thing; but this book too frequently offers heavy-handed humor for the pointed pertness and arch flippancy that abound in really good burlesques. Perhaps Mr. Housman would have done better had he parodied only one typically modern biographer instead of a whole school.

People: the Autobiography of a Mystery Writer. By Edgar Wallace. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Hugh Walpole has written that Mr. Wallace is "the wonder-child of our period," who "has touched with his books more English hearts than anyone since Dickens." The author of 140 or more mystery stories, he has also written some twenty plays, innumerable newspaper articles, and he has a keen interest in racing horses. The same terrific rush of incident upon incident that characterizes his detective tales is likewise observable in his life's story. He dictates his "stuff" into a dictaphone every forenoon and casually "dashes off" a play or so over a week-end. The story runs that a friend, calling Mr. Wallace by telephone, was informed that the writer was busily engaged upon a play; the friend thereupon remarked that he would "hold the wire" until Mr. Wallace had finished the last act.

As God Made Them. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Psychographs of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Greeley, Edwin Booth, Francis James Child, and Asa Gray. One is tempted to suggest that a better title for this book might have been: "As Mr. Bradford Makes Them." For everywhere, omnipresent on every page, the always capable if rarely exciting craftsmanship of our most indefatigable biographer stands out—almost never is one allowed to forget that Mr. Bradford is speaking. He is always eminently fair-minded, perspicuous, and sympathetic, as well as occasionally humorous in a gently quizzical sort of way; but one cannot help wishing that he would for once—just once—forsake his everlastingly competent craftsmanship and emit one bloodthirsty Menckenian war-whoop or one of Mr. Strachey's soft but terribly annihilating chuckles.

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Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages. By George Bruner Parks. American Geographical Society Special Publication No. 10. American Geographical Society. $5.

Mr. Parks has written, in addition to the biographies of Richard Hakluyt the elder, lawyer, and Richard Hakluyt the younger, clergyman, enough of the history of Elizabethan geography and commerce to make clear just what after all was the contribution of these enthusiastic men to the record of British civilization. The result is a body of knowledge much less romantic than the nothing we knew of Hakluyt before, but much more interesting.

The Life of Michelangelo. By John Addington Symonds. The Modern Library. 95 cents.

John Addington Symonds's famous but to the modern taste perhaps somewhat prosy "Michelangelo" has been issued by the Modern Library. While one does not wish to criticize such an excellent volume, considering its price, it might have retained, from the more expensive editions, the letter of Michelangelo to Giovane Francesco Fattucci which throws such an interesting light on Michelangelo's relations with Julius II, and on an artist's problems in that day.

Wellington, A Character Study. By Oliver Brett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

Here is an admirable study of Wellington, conceived and executed in a spirit that would have delighted the general. The Hon. Oliver Brett writes as befits his subject—clearly, sensibly, and honestly, with no pretense on the one hand to exhaustive historical scholarship, nor on the other to psychological interpretation. There is no attempt to review the military career of Napoleon's conqueror, nor to rewrite the political and diplomatic history of his age. What concerns the author is the personality of the man, and in his effort to disengage the individual from the tangled web of circumstances in which Wellington's career was fixed, Mr. Brett has more than succeeded. The Iron Duke emerges, for all his shortcomings, a more distinct and a greater figure.

Twelve Bad Men. By Sidney Dark. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.

Many books about bad men have appeared of late, most of them written in a variety or styles as little commendable as the lives of the subjects described. But Mr. Dark writes with graceful distinction; he is concise and pithy, and yet he omits nothing of importance. His rogues' gallery includes such famous scamps as Cesare Borgia, Benvenuto Cellini, Judge Jeffreys, Casanova, Talleyrand, and Robespierre.

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International Relations Section

Robert Dell Replies

THE NATION has received numerous letters in answer to Mr. Dell's article, The Papal-Fascist Alliance, which appeared in our issue of March 27. One of these has already been printed. Another appears in this issue. All were forwarded to Mr. Dell. We print below his general reply to this correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letters of your Roman Catholic correspondents about my article in *The Nation* of March 27 are a flattering tribute to my accuracy, for not one of them even seriously contests a single statement of fact made in the article, much less attempts to refute one. John McGarr, however, suggests rather than says that I was wrong in saying that the Italian Concordat makes religious teaching compulsory in the schools for all pupils and gives the church the control of marriage. I will, therefore, deal with these two points before going on to the general questions raised by your correspondents' letters.

Signor Belluzzo, the Italian Minister for Public Instruction, recently sent to his subordinate officials a circular regulating the religious instruction in the schools in accordance with the Concordat, in which he said that the Catholic religion would henceforth be a "compulsory subject of instruction." The teachers are to be prepared in the training schools to give this instruction which will be under the control of the ecclesiastical authorities who will have a voice in the nomination of the teachers by whom it is to be given and the right to deprive any teacher of the power of giving it, if they consider him unsuitable. There is not a hint in the circular of giving any parents the right to withdraw their children from religious instruction. Protestants and Jews are a very small minority in Italy, but a very large number of Italians are freethinkers. Even if some concession should ultimately be made to Protestants and Jews—and at present there is no sign of it—it is clearly the intention to treat the children of freethinkers as Catholics and force Catholic teaching on them. Freethinkers have as much right to freedom of conscience as Protestants and Jews, but the Catholic church has always denied the right of freedom of conscience. Gregory XVI, in 1832, denounced "that false and absurd maxim, or rather frenzy: that everybody should be given and guaranteed liberty of conscience," and liberty of conscience is among the "modern liberties" condemned by Leo XIII in 1888.

The principles of Gregory XVI and Leo XIII, which are the unchanging principles of Catholicism, are applied in the Italian Concordat. Italian teachers will be deprived of liberty of conscience, for, although Signor Belluzzo says in his circular that it will be no disgrace to a teacher to be forbidden to give religious instruction, it is clear that in practice only those able to give it will have any chance of promotion, and freethinking teachers, of whom there are many in Italy, will be obliged to violate their consciences by teaching what they do not believe or sacrifice their careers.

Article 34 of the Italian Concordat fully justifies my statement that marriage will be under the control of the church. Judicial separation—there is no divorce in Italy—is left to the jurisdiction of the civil courts, but cases of nullity of marriage are transferred to the ecclesiastical courts, whose judgments will be executed by the civil authorities. By Catholic canon law the marriage of a Catholic is null and void if it is not performed by a priest, and a priest cannot marry a Catholic and a non-Catholic unless a dispensation has been obtained and the non-Catholic party gives certain undertakings. This now becomes the law of the land. Existing marriages hitherto legal become annullable at the request of either party, and although civil marriage is retained no civil marriage of a Catholic will in future be legally valid. It follows that no Catholic will legally be able to marry a non-Catholic without the permission of the Catholic authorities. Undoubtedly freethinkers will be considered as Catholics, at any rate if they have been baptized. The Catholic ecclesiastical courts will alone be competent to annul the marriages even of non-Catholics and unbaptized persons, but on what principles such cases will be dealt with it is difficult to say.

This adaptation of the law of the land to canon law and the execution of the judgments of ecclesiastical courts by the civil authorities, for which the Italian Concordat provides in certain other matters besides marriage, are unknown in any other modern state and are a return to medieval conditions. The Concordat in fact sets up a theocracy in Italy and admits the "rights" that have always been claimed by the Catholic church which may be summed up by the dictum of Boniface VIII in 1303: "The temporal authority must be subject to the spiritual power."

Your Catholic correspondents try to evade the issue. There is no question of attacking their "religious beliefs," which are their own affair and with which the state is not concerned. Nor is there any resemblance between my point of view and that of the Ku Klux Klan. I am sure that movements like that of the Ku Klux Klan do a lot of good to the Catholic church. Years ago we had in England a fanatical Protestant agitation led by a gentleman called Kensit, who used to tell stories about walled-up nuns and Jesuits disguised as housemaids. The net result of it was that, as the absurdity of the Kensitite charges against Catholics was easily demonstrated, the English public got the impression that the Catholic church was a harmless institution and that impression is only now wearing off and being replaced by a more realistic view.

The Catholic church is not a harmless institution, but a very dangerous one, not, however, on account of its theological dogmas. It is not in the same category as other religious bodies. Very likely the Methodist church interferes in politics in America, as one of your correspondents says, but the Methodist church is not an international political institution, claiming to be a "perfect society" superior to civil society and governed by an absolute monarch to whom its members are bound to blind obedience even in political matters. If a member of the Methodist church did not follow the political instructions of its pastors, he would hardly be excommunicated, but, if a French Catholic joins the Radical or the Socialist Party, he is *ipso facto* excommunicated. It is impossible to be at once a good Catholic and a good Socialist or a good Liberal, and if any Catholics sincerely think it possible it is because they are ignorant of the political doctrine of their own church.

It is no more intolerant to refuse to vote for a Catholic than to refuse to vote for a Tory or a Liberal or a Socialist. Why should we be expected to vote for a member of a political organization whose political principles are fundamentally opposed to our own? If he says that he agrees with our political principles, our reply is that he can prove it only by coming out of that organization, and that he should have no objection to so doing, for if he really agrees with us he is already a heretic and probably *ipso facto* excommunicated. And if he says, as Daniel O'Connell is alleged to have said, that he takes his religion from Rome, but not his politics, he is doubly a heretic, for he is guilty of the heresy condemned by Pius X under the name of "political modernism."

This heresy—that Catholics are not bound to obey their

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ecclesiastical authorities in political matters—was the theological ground of the recent condemnation of the Action Française League and its paper by the present Pope. In his encyclical of June, 1881, on the duties of Christians as citizens, Leo XIII declared that in their capacity as citizens Catholics owed "complete submission and obedience of will to the church and to the Roman Pontiff, as to God Himself" and that this obedience must be "absolute and perfect in every particular."

Leo XIII also preaches the duty of passive obedience to the rulers of the state, unless "the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the Divine Law" as laid down by the Roman Pontiff who is "the supreme Teacher in the Church," in which case "to resist becomes a positive duty, to obey a crime."

This has been the constant teaching of the Catholic church, which has never changed, and it is inevitable that it should be. What theologians call the ordinary *magisterium* of the church is not restricted to theological matters but extends to the whole of human life, and the Pope is infallible when he defines a dogma concerning morals as well as faith. The liberal principle of toleration is based on the fact that, however strongly we may hold an opinion, we cannot be absolutely certain that we are right, for we are not infallible. If, as the Catholic church teaches, we could learn the absolute truth from an infallible teacher, it would manifestly be wrong, as that church also teaches, to tolerate "error."

Of course intolerance is not confined to Catholics. The majority of mankind have always been intolerant. But although too many religious people in particular are still intolerant, the Catholic church is the only religious body in the civilized world that regards toleration as wrong and preaches intolerance as a principle, or perhaps I should rather say that intolerance is a principle only of the Catholic church. When liberty raises its head, the Catholic church recognizes its worst enemy and strikes at it. On April 23, 1791, Pius VI condemned the Declaration of the Rights of Man as "contrary to religion and society." The principles of the Declaration of the Rights of Man are those of the Constitution of the United States of America. How can a Catholic swear fidelity to that Constitution and remain faithful to his church?

The political doctrine of the Catholic church has not changed since 1790. I refer anybody wishing for full and authoritative information about that doctrine and able to read French to a collection of fifty-five formal pronouncements on political and economic questions by nine successive Popes, edited by my friend, M. Georges Michon, which will, I hope, be published in a translation in England and America.[1]

The "modern liberties" condemned by Leo XIII, which he rightly calls the principles of "the supporters of liberalism," are liberty of worship, liberty of conscience, religious equality, liberty of speech, liberty of teaching, and liberty of the press. The last had been denounced by his predecessor, Gregory XVI, as "the most deadly of liberties, an execrable liberty, which we shall never hold in sufficient horror." Leo XIII, however, explains that "in the extraordinary conditions of these times" the church is obliged unwillingly and as a matter of expediency and a provisional measure to tolerate "error" and allow the state to tolerate it and to "acquiesce in certain modern liberties" in order "to avoid greater evils." In plain English, the church acquiesces in toleration and "modern liberties" when and where she is not strong enough to do otherwise and Catholics, being in a minority, would be the first sufferers by their suppression. In "happier times," however, as Leo XIII says, the church applies its own principles, as now in Italy.

Socialism is condemned by Pius IX in his Allocution at Gaeta (April 20, 1849) and his encyclical "Nostis et Nobiscum"

[1] "Les Documents Pontificaux sur la Démocratie et la Société Moderne." Publiés avec une introduction et des notes par Georges Michon, Docteur ès lettres. Paris: Les Editions Rieder. 25 francs.

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(December 8, 1849), and by Leo XIII in his encyclical "Quod apostolici" (December 28, 1878), in which he examines Socialist economic theories more closely than his predecessor and also condemns Christian socialism, which had then made its appearance. The condemnation of socialism was repeated by Leo XIII in the encyclical "Rerum novarum" (May 15, 1891), in which he ordered Catholic workmen not to join general trade unions, but to form Catholic unions, as has been done in several European countries. He had already recommended in the encyclical "Quod apostolici" the formation of "associations of handicraftsmen and laboring men which, placed under the sheltering care of religion, may render the members content with their lot and resigned to toil, inducing them to lead a peaceful and tranquil life." Rude trade unionists call them blacklegs.

The principle of democracy was condemned by Leo XIII in the encyclical "Immortale Dei" and elsewhere. The authority of rulers, he said, was derived from God, not from the people. It was not, however, "of itself wrong to prefer a democratic form of government, if only the Catholic doctrine be maintained as to the origin and exercise of power." This is not a mere theoretical distinction. Leo XIII, like the other Popes, also taught that rebellion against "princes" or rulers was never in any circumstances permissible, unless of course ordered by the church, as in Mexico. It follows that if, for instance, a constitutional monarch overthrows the constitution which he has sworn to maintain, or acquiesces in its overthrow, as the kings of Spain and Italy have, Catholics are bound to submit. It is for this reason and because a dictatorship is more in harmony with Catholic principles than any other form of government that the Catholic church supports Mussolini, Primo de Rivera, and other European dictators.

Among the other principles laid down by the nine Popes whose pronouncements M. Michon has collected are the following: The church is a "perfect" and "universal society" superior to civil society, and the Catholic religion should be the only religion of the state. The state must exercise no sort of control over religious orders, which should be in a privileged position and above the law. Private property, especially in land, is a "natural right," with which it is not permissible to interfere, even by heavy taxation. The poor must be contented with their lot, for class distinctions and inequalities of wealth are ordained by God and it is impious to try to get rid of them. "It is in conformity with the order established by God that there are in human society princes and subjects, masters and proletarians, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, nobles and plebeians" (Pius X). Besides, almsgiving is a Christian duty and it involves the existence of poverty. The "social question" is primarily a moral and religious, not an economic one, and is to be solved by "Christian charity" and by "the rules of morality and the judgment of religion."

Clearly Pius IX was right when he "reprobated, proscribed, and condemned" the proposition that "the Roman Pontiff can and ought to be reconciled and come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." And Democrats, Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists cannot be reconciled or come to terms with the Roman Pontiff and his subjects. We will give them the liberty that they would refuse to us if they had the power, but we will not commit political suicide by giving our votes to members of a political organization with such principles as these, which every member of that organization is bound to accept. We will not choose as our representatives men who cannot be true to us without being false to their church, and who, if they are true to their church, are bound to be our strongest political opponents. This is not intolerance; it is just common sense.

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